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THE RACE - COURSE AND THE GOLF - COURSE:

TWO GREAT SPORTING EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



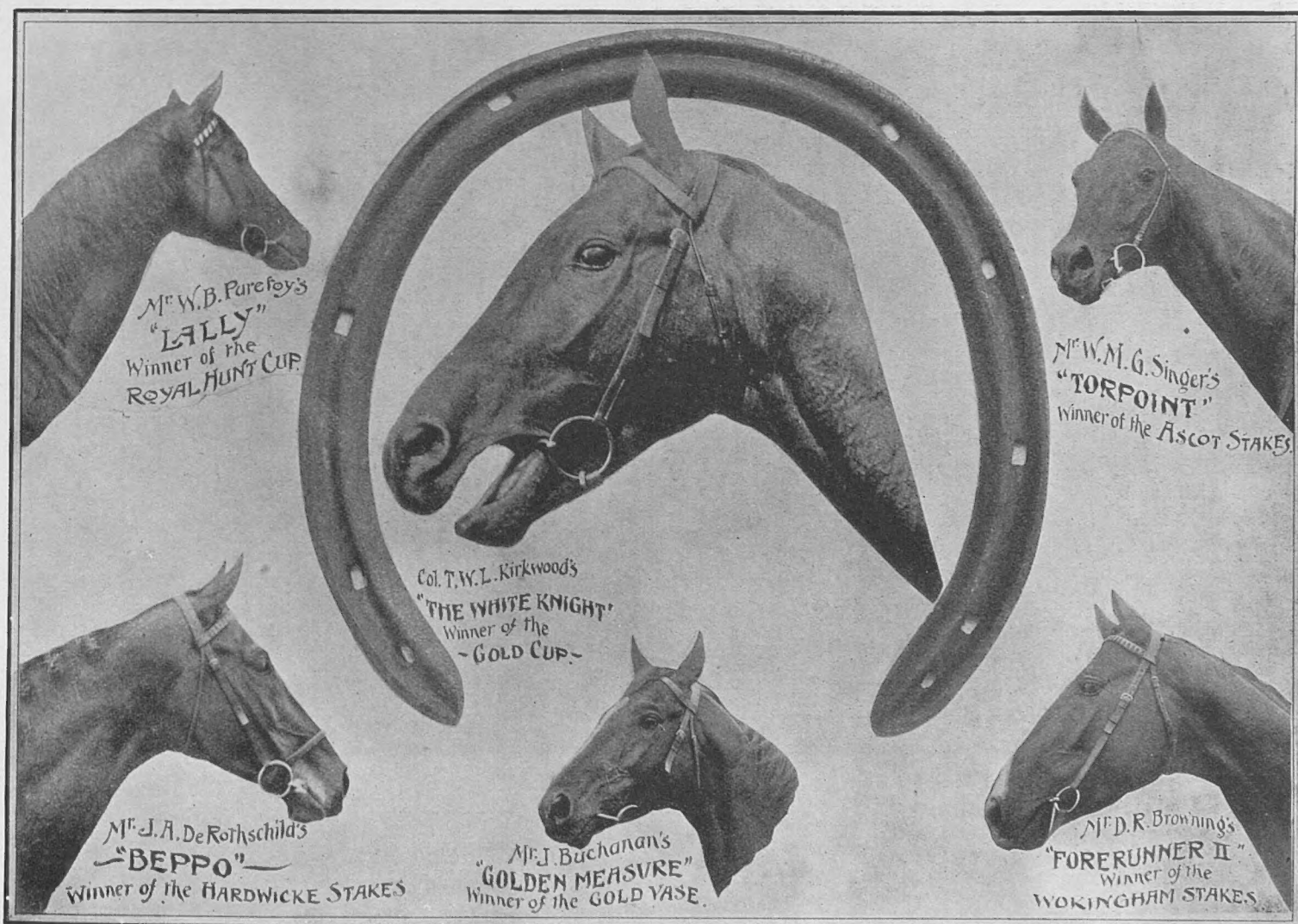
1. ARNAUD MASSEY, OF LA BOULIE, WHO WON THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP WITH A TOTAL OF 312.

2. J. H. TAYLOR, OF RICHMOND, WHO WAS SECOND WITH A TOTAL OF 314, PUTTING AT THE ALPS HOLE.

3. ARNAUD MASSEY RECEIVING THE CUP.

4. J. H. TAYLOR DRIVING FROM THE FIFTH TEE.

FRANCE WINS THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE COMPETITION AT HOYLAK.



SOCIETY'S OWN RACE - MEETING: WINNERS OF GREAT RACES AT ASCOT.

Photographs by the Sports Company.

OXFORD THROUGH THE AGES: THE GREAT PAGEANT.



1. THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHARLES I.: THE KING RECEIVED BY LOYAL CITIZENS.

2. WOLSEY: Now to St. Frideswide's.

(He stops suddenly, seeing the King leaning back in his chair, engaged in animated converse with a Maid-of-Honour. There is an awkward pause.)

TAILOR: Thou see'st yon maid? 'Tis Mistress Anne, Sir Thomas Bullen's girl.

Photographs by Gillman.

OXFORD THROUGH THE AGES: THE GREAT PAGEANT.



St. Frideswide, clad as an Abbess, in her Oxcart.

Friar Bacon with his "Celebrated Brazen Head."

"Macbeth" played before James I.

1. A Daughter of Kings we here behold,
Whose glory clings like a robe of gold;
And the gifts that she brings are manifold.

For out of thee a city shall rise,
Whose walls shall be as light to the eyes,
A strength for the free, and a rest to the wise.

2. FRIAR BACON: Behold my celebrated Brazen Head!
It utters oracles of deepest import,
And will, if questioned, answer every riddle
Propounded by inquirers.

3. MACBETH: How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
ALL: A deed without a name.

Photographs by Gillman.

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THE CLUBMAN



HURLINGHAM AND RANELAGH—THE CAVALRY CLUB AT ASCOT—THE ASCOT LAWN AND LUNCHES—A WAR SCARE.

I CHATTED last week with one of the young Indian nobles who have come over with the Maharajahs now in London, and I asked him what had struck him as most remarkable in England. He answered without hesitation, "The beautiful surroundings you give to polo." When I remembered what an Indian polo-ground is like—a pegged-out space on a dusty maidan—I was not surprised that our turf and great trees and luxurious surroundings at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton impress greatly any Eastern seeing them for the first time. Both Hurlingham and Ranelagh are looking particularly beautiful this summer, for the turf is in splendid condition, the foliage of the great trees is rain-washed and as fresh as it was in the spring months, and the rhododendrons are still flowering, while the roses are beginning to come into bloom.

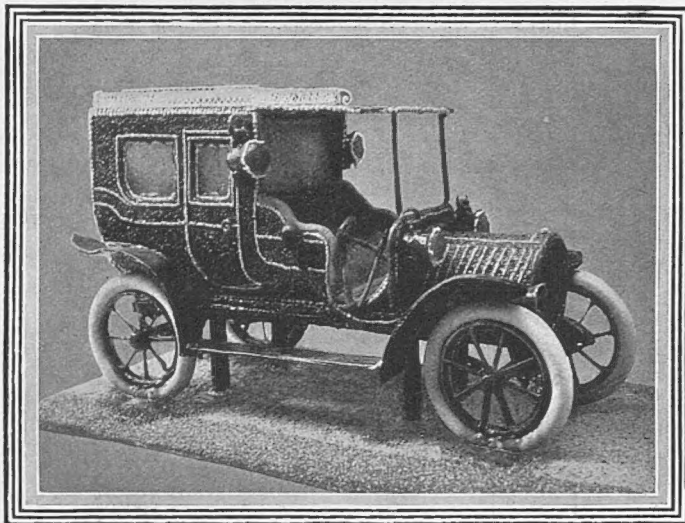
The committees of both these clubs never seem to tire of well-doing, and some additions have been made to both houses during the winter and spring. Hurlingham has a new room with French windows coming down to the ground, and at Ranelagh additions have been made to the winter garden, and the most luxurious dressing-rooms and baths that I have seen in any club have been built. At Hurlingham the croquet tournament was in full swing last week, and I very humbly suggest that a croquet skirt is a garment some fashionable dressmaker should invent. Most of the ladies had fastened the folds of their garments behind with a short piece of elastic and two clips, which I have no doubt is very useful in keeping a skirt off the balls, but does not add to the appearance of a dress.

The clubs that had tents at Ascot this year had made them as comfortable as possible, and the acme of good taste seemed to me to be reached by the Cavalry Club. The great pavilion of red - and - white canvas accommodated so many people that there were always seats available at the tables, and early comers had not the distressful feeling that they were keeping other people waiting. The crimson punkahs were hung ready to stir the air if necessary, and there was a plentiful supply of ice.

Outside the pavilion was a lawn surrounded by banks of rhododendrons and miniature plantations of pines. On this lawn were many little tables, some under a great awning, some beneath wide umbrellas; and the numbers of the horses going to the post and the results of the races were shown on a board in this luxurious enclosure for the benefit of those who sat and smoked and drank coffee.

I wish the Ascot authorities could find room for an al fresco lunch-ground, for the ugliest sight I see at Ascot are the men in cloth caps and hideous garments who daily, during the long interval in the racing, sit on the seats on the lawn behind the grand stand and devour slabs of cold meat and bread, or tear at lobster-claws and throw the shells into the clumps of bushes. They are unlovely persons these, not unconnected, I should fancy, with the book-making industry, and to see them feeding is to see them at a particularly ugly moment; but they have paid their half-guinea for admission, like everybody else, and I suppose that if they choose to give an imitation of feeding time at the "Zoo" they are entitled to do so. It is a pity, however, that they choose to do so on the lawn.

One of the topics of discussion in the smoking-rooms of the military clubs just now is what would happen if Japan did go to war with America, making the San Francisco incidents a *casus belli*, and what would occur afterwards. The pessimists point out that the professions of peaceful intention on both sides, the rushing of coal in great quantities by America to her Pacific ports, the buying by Japan of munitions of war in Germany, are just the events that might be expected to precede a declaration of war, and they profess to believe that in a month the Japanese fleets would have swept the Pacific clear of every American man-of-war, would have seized all the American colonies, and destroyed all her merchant ships on one ocean. What would happen if a Japanese expeditionary force was landed in America with the sea clear behind it is a question round which argument fiercely rages. Another successful war of the great yellow race against a great white race would disturb the world very seriously; and though Japan is our ally, we should be more disagreeably affected by her victory than any other nation would be. Happily, only the pessimists ever think for a moment that war between Japan and America is a possibility; but I have no doubt that the General



"A SWEET THING" IN AUTOMOBILES: A MOTOR-CAR MADE OF NOUGAT AND ALMOND-PASTE.

Photograph by W. Vobach and Co.

Staff at Washington has had some anxious hours of thinking over a problem parallel to that which is always before the eyes of our War Office—how, with a small force of highly trained troops and a great force of partly trained troops, to meet a possible raid of a great force of highly trained troops. It is fortunate for the world that there are cool heads and strong men both at Washington and Tokio.



AN ARCHITECT'S JOKE: GYMNASTIC BEARS IN THE BERLIN GYMNASIUM.

Jokes in architecture are in considerable favour in Germany, and in Berlin comic versions of the bear that appears in the city arms are frequently seen. Our illustration shows a case in point.

ON A MICROBE FARM.

BY JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, B.A., M.D., D.P.H.

WHAT is described in the lay papers as a "Microbe Farm" is nothing more nor less than a Bacteriological Laboratory, without which no sanitary administration can be regarded as complete and up to date.

In 1898 the Lambeth sanitary authority decided to establish a municipal bacteriological laboratory, and equipped that laboratory with up-to-date appliances on premises situated in the centre of the Lambeth district—the central position being specially chosen for the convenience of medical men practising therein. The laboratory is fitted with due regard to aseptic principles, and all dust, as far as practicable, excluded therefrom. The tables are covered with hard teak, and the water-supply is passed through a Chamberlain-Pasteur Filter, so as to be absolutely sterile. The incubator in which the germs are cultivated and isolated is of the Hearson pattern, consisting of a box of copper with double walls, the intervening space being filled with water, and the outside covered with wood and felt to prevent the conduction of heat. The water between the walls is heated by means of a simple burner, the gas-supply of which passes through a form of regulator inserted in the water, so that the temperature indicated by a thermometer inserted through a hole in the top of the incubator can be kept constant—namely, 37 deg. C. or 22 deg. C.—the former temperature being the warm or blood-heat, and the latter, the cool or room temperature. In the Lambeth Bacteriological Laboratory, the room itself is kept at a constant temperature of 22 deg. C., or thereabouts, so that the incubator is regulated for the higher temperature of 37 deg. C. This regulator of temperature is a simple device, depending for its action upon a fluid of certain boiling point, which is contained in a capsule, and so constructed that when ebullition takes place in the fluid, a lever is raised, and the gas-supply in great part cut off, only sufficient gas being allowed to pass to keep the flame of the burner just alight. This regulator is set for a temperature of 37 deg. C.

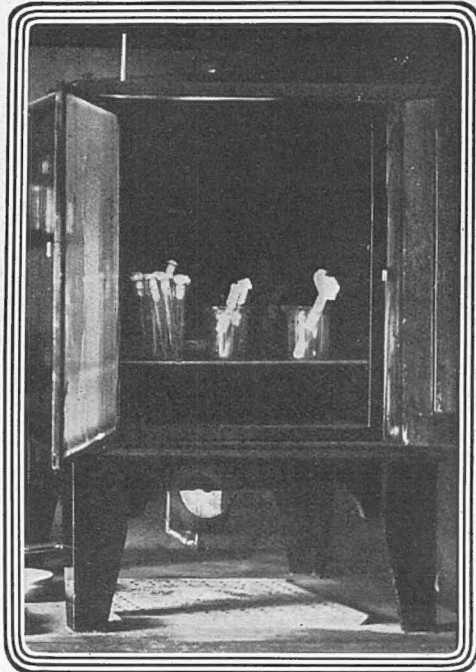
The incubator is the most important outfit in connection with the laboratory, for micro-organisms under observation have to be grown on certain suitable foods, or nutrient media as they are called; and to secure this being done carefully they must be grown at a constant temperature. The different foods, or nutrient media, in use vary with the micro-organisms to be grown, and require careful preparation. Thus, the commonest form may be popularly described as a beef-broth, and this constitutes the basis of most of the nutrient media in general use, which are prepared by mixing this beef-broth with other substances, such as peptone, glycerine, grape-sugar, common salt, beer-wort, together with an admixture of gelatine or agar-agar for solidifying purposes—the latter (agar-agar) being used where the temperature required for the micro-organism is 37 deg. C., the former (gelatine) remaining solid only

at temperatures below 22 deg. C. This beef-broth is an infusion of meat (usually beef), and is prepared by taking a certain quantity of rump-steak (free from fat), chopping it very fine, or mincing it, adding a certain quantity of water, and allowing it to simmer in a saucepan or bain-marie for an hour, cooling it, removing any solidified fat that may rise to the surface, and afterwards filtering it through filter-paper into a clean flask. The flask may then be plugged with cotton wool, placed in its neck, and submitted to the action of steam for about one hour on two successive days, so as to sterilise it thoroughly. A stock of this beef-broth is kept to be used in small quantities, as required, for the preparation of the commoner forms of nutrient media. In place of beef, veal is sometimes used, being powdered with flour, and the infusion afterwards clarified with white of egg. This veal-broth, when mixed with a small proportion of glycerine, is found to be specially useful for the growing of the germ of consumption. Other nutrient media employed are milk, sliced potato, blood serum (and other fluids obtained from the human body in health or disease), eggs, etc. By means of these various foods, or nutrient media, different micro-organisms can be grown, and their life-histories in that way studied, for which purpose test-tubes, or plates, are generally used, into which is placed a certain quantity of the particular food or medium needed. Further, it is, at times, necessary to grow the micro-organisms on their media (a) in oxygen, (b) without oxygen, (c) in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, (d) *in vacuo*, or (e) in the presence of very small quantities, or traces, of different chemicals, &c.

Amongst other important fittings connected with a bacteriological laboratory may be mentioned the hot-air oven, the steam-steriliser, or autoclave, flasks, beakers, test-tubes, glass pipettes, platinum needles, forceps, slides, cover-glasses, etc. Finally, microscopes, with specially selected lenses for the purpose of magnifying (many thousands of times), and different staining reagents, so that the individual micro-organism may be more easily seen when coloured, form important adjuncts to a laboratory's equipment.

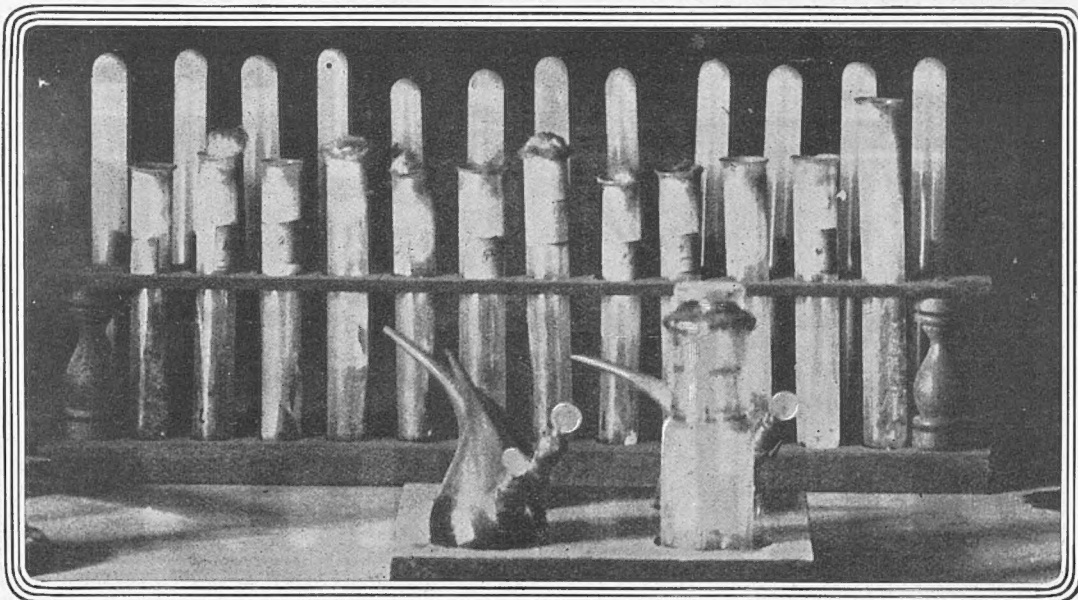
The Lambeth Municipal Bacteriological Laboratory has been established for the last eight years, and during that time over five thousand bacteriological examinations have been conducted in connection with doubtful cases of (a) consumption, (b) typhoid fever, (c) suspected diphtheria, or for the purpose of proving the bacteriological composition of such foods as milk, ice-cream, etc., or of discharges in connection with various diseases. These

numbers give a yearly average of about seven hundred, or a daily average of two, examinations since the opening of the laboratory, and fully justify the Lambeth sanitary authority in having established such an institution locally, and having maintained it for the sole use of the Lambeth ratepayers.



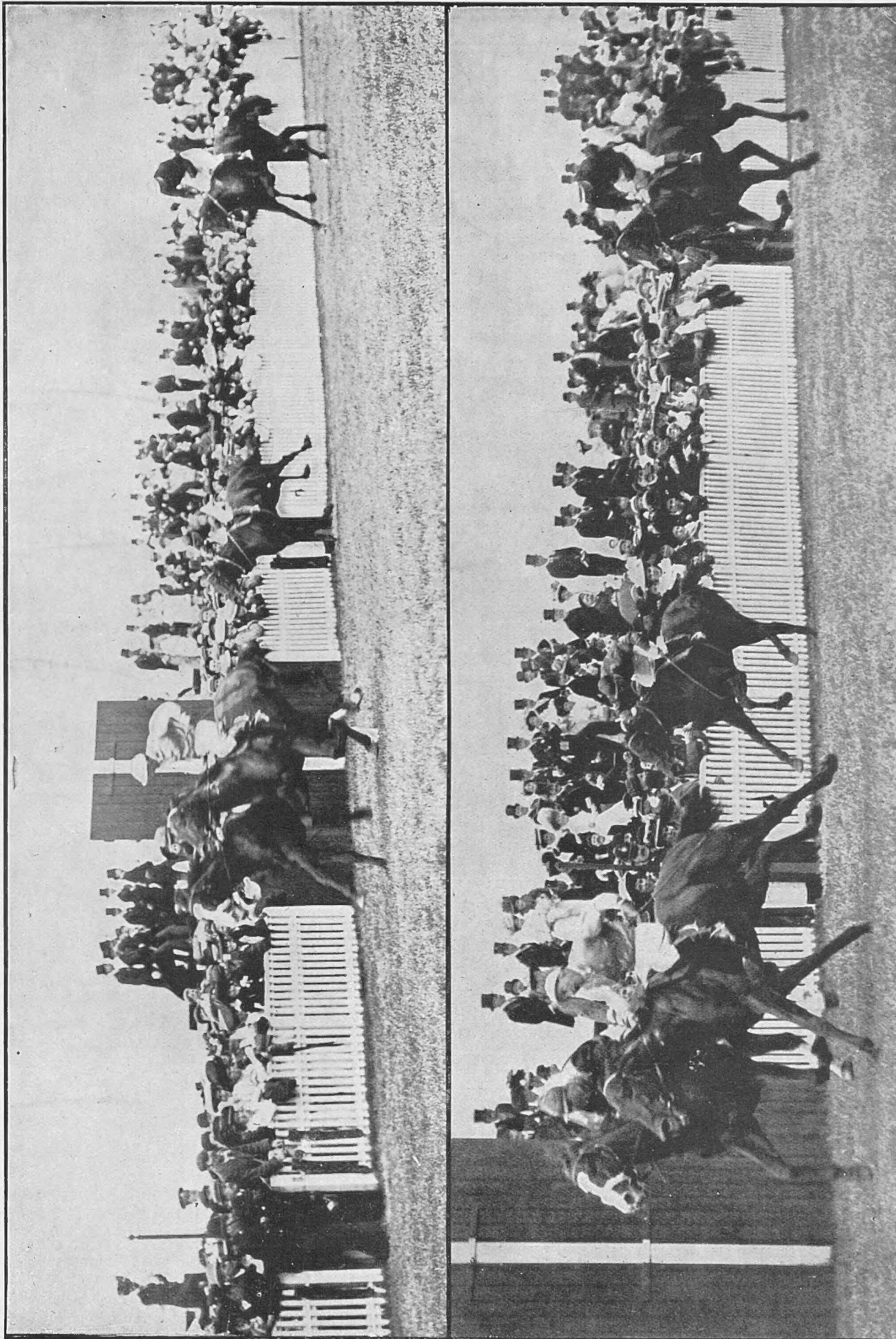
THE INCUBATOR IN WHICH THE GERMS ARE CULTIVATED AND ISOLATED.

(See Article.)



ON A MICROBE FARM: TUBES FULL OF GERMS.

(See Article.)



Bridge of Canny.

Beppo.

The White Knight.

Eider.

THE SENSATIONAL DEAD-HEAT THAT LED TO AN OBJECTION: EIDER AND THE WHITE KNIGHT AT THE POST.

The race for the Gold Cup provided two sensations this year. The first, of course, was the Raffles-like theft of the trophy itself; the second the dead-heat and the objection that followed and was sustained. Immediately after the race Halsey, who rode the White Knight, objected to Stern, the jockey of Eider, for "bumping and boring, and catching hold of my leg and trying to push me off." The stewards sustained the objections for bumping and boring, but exonerated Stern from trying to catch hold of Halsey's leg. The White Knight was so annoyed at being bumped by Eider that he tried to savage the French colt in the last couple of strides, and thus enabled the latter to make a dead-heat of the race. An objection at Ascot is exceedingly unusual, objections being considered bad form, although in this case there was undoubtedly good reason for the move.

Photograph 1 by Dixon; 2 by the Sports Co.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE MIDNIGHT WEDDING"—"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS"—"A TRAGEDY OF TRUTH"—
"THE DUMB CAKE"—"THE ANONYMOUS LETTER"—"MRS. PONDERBURY'S PAST."

THE Lyceum apparently has another success in melodrama, for Mr. Walter Howard's piece, "The Midnight Wedding," was received rapturously by a crowded house. People have said that melodrama is dead. Yet it flourishes in the old home of Irving, for the new play certainly belongs to the type of unsophisticated melodrama, and is not distinguished by any effort to get higher. The obvious truth is that an immense public exists for melodrama or farce, if good of their kind. It appears to me that the test of merit in melodrama is success, since it will not endure critical examination. "The Midnight Marriage" is a breathless kind of work, full-blooded, extravagant in sentiment, scornful of common-sense, and broad in harmless humour. To the callous the work may have seemed a little absurd, but most of us were at fever heat, and applauded Miss Kerin tremendously, and regarded Mr. Norman Partridge as a daring darling, entitled to unstinted clapping, thought Miss Valli Valli fascinating as Kathie, the saucy maid of the inn, and were deeply impressed by the wickedness of Miss Daisy Gwynne as Satanella; whilst we execrated Mr. Eric Mayne for his vigorous performance as the chief villain, and roared with laughter at the three comic soldiers, well represented by Messrs. S. M. Jones, H. Barford, and Gus Oxley.

Melodrama dead? Why, the next production to "The Midnight Wedding" was "The Corsican Brothers"! Truly I heard it stated that some changes had converted the Dumas-Boucicault piece into a psychological play, the chief being the introduction of a tale told by one of the twins concerning a visit from his father's ghost. This seemed to me a mistake, for the original visions might perhaps be accepted as subjective, but the new one is clearly the old-fashioned objective ghost with a prophecy fulfilled to the minute. A generation too young to remember the famous run of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum seemed quite delighted by the tale of revenge, and the capably managed duel thrilled the audience. Mr. Martin Harvey presented the two brothers admirably, and contrived to distinguish, to some extent, between their personalities; but alas! I have memories of the former avenger, who was quite terrible where Mr. Martin Harvey is hardly more than dignifiedly impressive. Miss Maud Milton played the mother gracefully, and Mr. George Cooke acted very well as Martelli. It cannot be said that as a whole the cast was satisfactory.

"A Tragedy of Truth," by Rosamund Langbridge, was somewhat overpowered by its setting, for we had music almost Grand Opera in style nearly throughout the one-act play concerning a

simple country tale. Probably it was felt that without such a tremendous to do the audience might smile at the foundation of the play, which was the alleged horror in Galway of red-haired girls. This horror was treated so seriously as to be the main element in a murder; for when a young peasant learnt that he had been led by a charm into believing that a red-haired girl was yellow-haired, and consequently into getting betrothed to her, he ended the charm and the girl with the cake-knife. Mr. Norman O'Neill's music, if wrong relatively, in being out of proportion to the play, seemed to me fresh and powerful. Mr. Henry Ainley acted the lover very ably, and Miss De Silva played pathetically as the unlucky, amorous red-haired girl.

Strange to say, on the next night but one to the production of "A Tragedy of Truth," we had another charm piece—"The Dumb Cake," by Messrs. Arthur Morrison and Richard Pryce, in which simple means were employed charmingly. Martha Hardy practised a piece of white witchcraft to bring before her a lover, and for a little while the poor girl thought that the charm had worked, and that the thief who had bolted into the kitchen for safety from a crowd was the long-hoped-for lover. The result was a clever, pathetic scene, cut a little too short, and perhaps monotonous so far as the sham sweetheart was concerned. Still, it interested and touched me a good deal, and no doubt would have been more effective if a number of yahoos who arrived late had not insisted upon getting to their seats. The authors

have written the play quite finely and avoided the temptation to indulge in vulgar sentiment; it is rich in quiet humour and pathos. Moreover, it was beautifully acted by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who presented Martha with great skill and delicacy. Miss Griffen played ably as an old woman, and Mr. Louis Goodrich acted the thief very cleverly.

"The Anonymous Letter," at the Vaudeville, is a pleasant little duologue between a husband and wife about another woman and jealousy and love. With the literary touch expected from Mr. Street, it was nicely played by Mr. Willred Draycott and Miss Dorothy Hammond. Sir Francis Burnand's "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" serves capably its purpose of keeping the audience in a merry frame of mind. Mr. Hawtrey has restored his moustache for the occasion, and comes out irresistibly as his old self of ten years ago in the part of the meek, henpecked, and deceitful husband. Miss Billie Burke plays the music-hall "star" to perfection, giving to it just the right touch of exaggeration. The other points of note are Miss Marie Illington's study of the farcical wife and a very clever piece of acting by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald as the family butler.



MEDEA AND HER DRAGON-CHARIOT: MISS ETHEL ABRAHAMS IN THE "MEDEA" OF EURIPIDES, AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.

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♣ ♣ LABELLING THE LADY. ♣ ♣

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



A FASHION THAT WOULD ENABLE CELEBRITIES TO BE IDENTIFIED IMMEDIATELY: THE MONOGRAM SKIRT.

The very latest thing in stage dress is the Monogram Skirt, introduced to Parisian audiences by Miss Lola Hawthorne, the well-known American actress. The monogram is worked in gold thread upon a lace medallion, and stands out in striking contrast to the surrounding black chiffon, ornamented with gold sequins in sun-ray pattern. According to a Paris fashion paper, the monogram skirt has "come to stay." Celebrity-hunters might argue that every lady should thus make identification easy, and that every man should bear a distinctive mark on his hat or his waistcoat.



THE KING'S HOSTESS AT NUNEHAM
ON SATURDAY NEXT:
MRS. "LULU" HARCOURT.

Photograph by Lafayette.

"World's Fairs" from his own father, who may be said to have really invented what we now call International Exhibitions. The Prince Consort thought that such gatherings would put an end to warfare, and though that has not been found to be the case, there can be no doubt that they do promote both trade and peace. An interesting feature of the royal Irish tour will be the lavish use of motor-cars. Thanks to the horseless carriage, their Majesties will be able to visit all sorts of remote and beautiful spots that were formerly almost inaccessible even to royal tourists.

A Liberal Hostess. There are so many bachelors and widowers in present-day politics that a man of note with a charming wife to grace his table is a pearl of price to his party. Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, therefore, is a considerable asset to the Liberal Party, in which her husband is unmistakably a man of to-morrow. She is intensely interested in politics. That does not always make a woman agreeable, but in her case political leanings never affect her charm as a hostess. She is as genuinely liked by people of the other party as by her husband's. It was this fact, coupled with the immense popularity of the new Squire of Nuneham, which caused so many people to believe that he would be appointed



A ROYAL PRIZE BEAUTY, THE GRAND
DUCHESS OF LUXEMBOURG.

month. Her Royal Highness, who was a Portuguese Princess, is her husband's second wife. She is, unfortunately, only the mother of daughters; hence the Luxembourg succession question which is just now agitating all the Chancelleries of Europe. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is one of the loveliest minor kingdoms in Europe, and may some day prove a favourite holiday-ground for English tourists, for it is within comparatively easy reach of this country. The Grand Duke and his

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIER

THE coming visit of the King and Queen to Ireland will be one of the busiest tours ever undertaken by their Majesties. Even on the day they land an elaborate programme will be gone through, including a thorough inspection of the Dublin Exhibition. Our Sovereign inherits his interest in

beautiful wife, are very popular in their dominions, and they are both determined that the eldest of their small daughters, who is now in her thirteenth year, shall in due course inherit her father's throne.

The New Comptroller.

Colonel Douglas Dawson, Sir Arthur Ellis's successor, has already a wide know-

ledge of the Court, for he has been for the last four years the Master of the Ceremonies. Before that time he was known as a brilliant soldier who had gone through the various Egyptian campaigns with signal gallantry, and for some ten years acted as Military Attaché to our Embassies in Vienna and in Paris. Colonel Douglas Dawson was close on fifty when he entered on his new sphere, but he has been a brilliant success at Court. In addition to being Master of the Ceremonies, he has now been for some time Secretary to the Order of the Garter. A member of the three most exclusive and smartest of clubs, including the Guards and the Marlborough, the new Comptroller probably owes not a little of his success in life to his agreeable and genial presence, and to his wide knowledge of the world. He married some four years ago Mrs. Herbert Oakley, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Gordon Pirrie, who was at one time a prominent personality both in the London and the Paris world.



THE NEW COMPTROLLER OF THE
HOUSEHOLD: COLONEL DOUGLAS
DAWSON.

Photograph by Dickinson

to the United States a little while ago.

A Royal Prize Beauty.

We are always being told that the Germans as a race have a great horror of any form of *lèse-majesté*; what are we to think, then, of a newspaper, published in the Fatherland, which, in a sense, puts royal beauties up for competition? Publishing portraits of a hundred royal ladies, the editor invited his readers to vote as to who was the loveliest of them all. Oddly enough, the one who carried off the prize is the comparatively little-known Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, who will be forty-six on the 13th of next

which has so many priests as Siam. Of the six million population, nearly one million are in the priesthood. Something like 300,000 of these are in active service; the remainder have complied with the law of their land, which is that every man of Siam must go, not into the army but into the priesthood. The King of Siam bowed to the stern decree, and himself spent a year in the priesthood. Strict conformity with native customs, however, has not blinded him to the advantage of Western ways. An English governess popularised the use of the English language and English ways at the Siamese Court, and the King

sent his eldest son to England to be educated. They do say that when he got his degree at the Varsity he cabled home to his sire—"Have passed; sacrifice one hundred concubines." But nobody need believe that. Two of his brothers did uncommonly well at Harrow, and were generally at the head of their forms, what time the young Sultan of Zanzibar hung about the lowest position.



THE GERMAN WIFE OF THE FIRST
JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THE
UNITED STATES: VISCOUNTESS AOKI.

The Viscountess was Miss von Rad-Funkenhagen.

Priest and King. King Edward, as Defender of the Faith, has a position in the Church. His guest, the King of Siam, however, can say more than that as to the church of his own faith. He is a priest of that church. In that he is not peculiar. There is no other country under the sun



OUR LATEST ROYAL GUEST:
CHULALONGKORN I. OF SIAM.

Photograph by Lenz.

A MILLION-DOLLAR PALACE FOR A BABY:

MRS. JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT, R.I.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING A PAINTING OF THE BABY, ENTITLED "THE BOY IN WHITE."



THE COURTYARD OF THE MILLION-DOLLAR PALACE, BUILT FOR THE WEALTHIEST BABY IN THE WORLD.



THE BABY MILLIONAIRE'S PLAY-ROOM.



THE FRONT ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE.



NEWPORT BAY, SEEN FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

Photographs by Ellison.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**In the Wrong
Pulpit.**

The slight mistake which the defeated candidate for Rutland made the other day in turning up at a meeting of the other party was not so embarrassing as one of which Mr. Silas Hocking was the victim. Billed to preach at a village chapel in Lincolnshire, he arrived just in time for service. Thinking it a little strange that no friendly hand stretched forth to grasp his own, he went straightway to the pulpit. The congregation glared at the preacher, but he summoned them to music. No sooner had he got them under way with a hymn than in strode a minister in the garb of his calling, and looking daggers at the young man not arrayed in the cloth in the pulpit. The newcomer bolted for the vestry, followed by the deacons. Presently one of these latter came out, and stole up the pulpit steps to whisper, "Are you a Wesleyan inminister?" "No; a Free Methodist," was the answer. "Then, Sir, your congregation is awaiting you in the chapel at the other end of the village," retorted the deacon.

**A Novel in
a Nutshell.**

"How do these things get into the papers?" people ask. More wonderful is it that other things do not. Only from a book did the public hear the extraordinary story of a train's running on the wrong line through one of the most crowded London ways, to be hustled for safety into a siding. Only a country paper seems to have got hold of as remarkable a thing, which happened on the South-Eastern and Chatham the other day. Some unhappily inspired genius was cleaning an engine in a shed at Sittingbourne, when he touched a lever and started the engine, then found he could not stop it. He skipped for dear life, and off, untended, went the locomotive. There is a picture for a story: a wild engine running loose, with tons of traffic on the lines ahead. Fortunately telephone messages sometimes travel faster than even stampeding engines, and preparations were made to capture the runaway. How it was done, whether he descended from a balloon or was shot from a catapult, is not stated, but somebody was able to board the engine and bring it to a standstill with not a pennyworth of damage done.

**The Philosopher
as Shunter.**

The most extraordinary incident in the autobiography of Herbert Spencer is a runaway matter on the railway. Wishing to travel at night from Wolverton to Harrow, he found that his train did not stop at Harrow. So he had a coal-wagon hitched on at the end, and off they went. A mile and a half short of Harrow he uncoupled the wagon, expecting that the vehicle would pull up at the station. But he had not allowed for the incline. Through the station he went, at thirty miles an hour, in hot pursuit of the train. He bellowed to a foreman platelayer for assistance, but the man stood

helpless, staring at what he thought a new machine running away with its inventor. Willesden was approached, and there was every prospect, as the train had now got well ahead, that he would dash into the gates at the level crossing. Happily, the wagon came to a standstill short of this point of peril. The thing was now to get the thing off the main line. He summoned a man from Willesden, and they set to work to push it into a siding. But there were awkward points here, and they overset the wagon. However, by the use of sleepers and levers, they got it upright again and into safety. Then the philosopher trotted off to a farmhouse, where he was put to bed five hours late.



NO CONNECTION WITH THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT ORDER: BRITISH NORTH BORNEO POLICE MOUNTED ON BUFFALOES.

The buffaloes are official, not unofficial mounts, and have been adopted by way of experiment. They are used in those districts where there are no roads and the tracks are too soft for ponies.

Photograph supplied by F. W. Emmet

with the hay. Ordinarily she avoids town as the pestilence, and when in England has been wont to seek health and repose at a charming place in the country. But during the summer life was one agony of sneezes. Vain was medical advice, vain advertised "remedies." In despair she fled to London, and installed herself in a cosy hotel. Hay-fever left her, so she stayed in town until the season of the malady passed. Since then she has taken

**The Hay-Feverist's
Mecca.**

Those to whom hay-fever pays an annual visit are at present in such evil case that they know not where to lay their heads. They flee their accustomed haunts, and sneeze and weep their way to quarters where they hope the malady will not find them. There is a refuge from hay-fever, and its address shall be told without money and without price. It has been discovered by a long-suffering victim of the fever which comes up her quarters in town each year when hay-fever rages, and, without recourse to a single remedy, has not known a sneeze.

**Godfathers and
Godmothers.**

The little heir to the Spanish throne flourishes in spite of the weight of names with which he has been burdened. Each one of these will become popular as the names of other little Spaniards. The responsibility of parents and godparents is a heavy one, and villainously some of them discharge it. Americans are specially expert in finding hideous Christian or preliminary names. There are a few in the Bible which come quaintly off modern lips. Mr. Gladstone had a servant named "Zadok." That is simple compared with some of the appellations strayed from the classics. One good woman declared the name of her offspring to be "Atchillus." She was asked to spell it. "Oh, you mean 'Achilles,'" said the official. "Ah, there is some funny ways of pernouncin' it," said the mother. She at least had the satisfaction of calling her babe by the name she meant; but there was another parent whom a clergyman balked. He declined to christen a child by the name of Beelzebub, and was within his legal rights in so declining.



A CURIOUS MONUMENT: THE MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED IN VIENNA TO THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ KARL, FATHER OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

The memorial is by Hugo Taglang.

Photograph supplied by the International Publishing Company.

THE YOUTH'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.



THE SMALL BOY (*anxious that there shall be no mistake*): 'Ere's father. 'Im in front.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THEY wrote in superlatives thirty-five years ago, when "Medea in Corinth," which is to be produced at a matinée at the Court Theatre next Monday, was first given at the Lyceum, and the *Globe* said, "Miss Bateman in the new version of 'Medea' transcends Ristori as highly as Euripides transcends a Cockney scribbler, or as Mr. Wills, in assigning a specific reason for the murder by Medea of the children, transcends Euripides himself." Monday's matinée will be made interesting by the fact that the play is produced by Miss Bateman herself, and in it her granddaughter, Miss Leah Bateman Hunter, a girl of fifteen, is to play Glaucea, the part created by Miss Virginia Bateman, now Mrs. Edward Compton. Miss Bateman's own part, Medea, will be played by Miss Isabel Merson, of whom Miss Bateman has high hopes.

A little incident that happened on the first night showed how keenly alive to detail Sir Henry Irving was even in those days. Miss Bateman was standing in the flies, with Medea's two children, ready to make her entrance down a most intricate rock-piece, which led on to the stage. Sir Henry went to see her, and insisted on powdering her dress all over with Fuller's earth. "Better to look dusty, travel-stained," he said, as he applied the powder. His were among the warmest congratulations Miss Bateman had at the end of the play.

In another version of "Medea" Miss Genevieve Ward had a decidedly humorous experience. It was at Greenock, and two local children were engaged for Medea's. One of them was only three, and, in order to get it accustomed to her, Miss Ward had it to stay with her for two or three days, and fed it herself with all kinds of dainties. On the opening night, during the first act, the children being in one corner of the stage, Miss Ward's acting, in spite of the precautions she had taken, so frightened one of them that the little one rushed screaming from the stage. Nothing would induce it to go near the actress, and it was impossible for the play to proceed without the child. The stage doorkeeper went to the rescue. He had a "bairn," he explained, who was a little older than the child, for he was eight, and he would lend him for the part. He was accordingly sent for, and arrived—an overgrown boy who was nearly as tall as Miss Ward. Obviously, the baby's dress would not fit him, but by tucking up his own clothes and covering him with some of her own draperies Miss Ward managed to hide certain superfluities of his nineteenth-century costume. The manager went in front of the

curtain, explained the contretemps which had happened, and claimed the indulgence of the audience under the circumstances. When, however, Miss Ward appeared carrying one child in her arms and leaning on the shoulder of the other, who had seemingly grown up since the fall of the curtain, the situation proved too humorous to be ignored, and the audience roared with laughter, in which it must have been difficult for the actress not to join.

Mr. James Carew, who has recently returned from the United States—for business prevented him accompanying his wife, Miss

Ellen Terry, on her voyage home—once had a striking experience when he was acting in the little town, Miles City, in the State of Montana. The company was overjoyed when it arrived and heard that the house had been sold out, for up to that time they had not received any salary. Though there is a silver lining to every cloud, it must not be forgotten that silver linings may also mean dark clouds. The dark cloud was unfortunately the manager's lot, for, on inquiry, he found not only that there was no one to lead the orchestra, but that the orchestra itself was a poor, old, badly battered, broken-down grand piano, and the only man who could play it was locked up in the county gaol. It was a case which exemplified the truth of the proverb, "Necessity knows no law." The only man who could play the piano would have to play it, for it would never do to turn away a theatre-full of people who had paid for their seats. The manager of the theatre went therefore to the town sheriff, who happened to be sitting in the front row of the stalls, and persuaded him to release the prisoner and do it quickly.



"THE INCUBUS," AT THE CORONET: MISS MABEL HACKNEY AS CHARLOTTE (THE INCUBUS), AND MR. CHARLES V. FRANCE AS PIERRE (TEACHER OF NATURAL HISTORY AT THE LAVOISIER SCHOOL). Mr. Laurence Irving produced "The Incubus," a version of M. Brieux's comedy "Les Hanneçons," at the Coronet on Monday last, and with it presented a new one-act play by himself—"The Phoenix." In the latter Miss Winifred Emery plays Beatrice.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

The arguments he used prevailed, for the sheriff, a typical Western sheriff, of enormous build, got up and went out. A few minutes before the play began, he returned and walked down the centre aisle, preceded by the prisoner in handcuffs. The handcuffs were unfastened and placed on the piano by the sheriff, who returned to his seat as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The prisoner struck a few chords and began the overture, while he played the incidental music at sight. Over and over again during the evening the prisoner and the sheriff joined the audience in signifying their approval of the piece and the acting in the usual manner. When the performance was over and the curtain finally fell, the big, burly sheriff rose, and taking the handcuffs from the piano, replaced them on the prisoner's wrists in the most matter-of-fact way, and the two went out as they had entered.

THE GENTLE ART OF TRAINING A SERVANT.

BY ONE WHO PROFESSES TO KNOW.



HINT IV.—SHE WILL PROBABLY TAKE SOME INTEREST IN THE TRADESMEN. THIS IS ONLY NATURAL, AND SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. REDFERN'S book of selections, "The Wisdom of Sir Walter," might have been more wisely named, had the claims of alliteration been ignored. "Scott" possibly was wise, but "Walter"—never! It is a name of no associations; not even a tolerable hero of fiction would tolerate it. "Walt," it is true, has sneaked into a position; but could a Walter Whitman have been put forward as America's greatest poet and sage? With apologies to all the living Walters, I have mentally rechristened my copy of Mr. Redfern's volume, and shall henceforth absorb the Wisdom of Waverley.

"All lovers of English poetry and letters," to whom an appeal has been made, have still to find £200 to complete the sum required for the purchase and upkeep of the Coleridge cottage at Nether Stowey. Are you and I going to contribute? We did not help Edinburgh to set up its memorial to Carlyle, which has been hanging fire since 1895; nor did we help to buy the Keats house on the Piazza di Spagna. Well, the truth is, we have our own preferences. For myself, who am often in Chelsea, I want Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk to be open to the public. My guinea for that will be the guinea of a cheerful giver. There indeed dwell many literary ghosts. Even Rossetti found it haunted by Rossetti; the sombre poet of middle age being often "sick with memories," as, indeed, he was when he wrote in a letter, in my possession, of the blue plates, once so eagerly collected, upon the walls before him, that they "are ghosts of a former self."

Whoever may have written "Sham and Super-sham"—and the anonymity of the attack seems the only reason for assuming that Mr. Bernard Shaw himself was not its author—he is in the critical movement of the moment. There is a revival of the art of depreciation abroad, a regeneration in attack. The "slating" notice has so often been a blundering notice that it has of late been put out of countenance; and any literary damning to be done was that of faint praise. But "Sham and Super-sham" is hearty, to say the least; and Mr. Hardy suffers an almost equal depreciation at Mr. Lindsay Garrett's hands in the *Monthly Review*. Now, a round scolding is all very well when there is good matter for complaint, or when the gusto of the attack, as in "Sham and Super-sham," leads the writer into interesting ingenuities of virulence; but a poor scolding is somehow a very poor thing indeed, and we cannot think that Mr. Hardy, after Mr. Garrett's, will look sheepish—even a little bit. Among other complaints made, the strongest of all is that Mr. Hardy's yokels are not witty. "Look at Shakespeare's!" commands Mr. Garrett. Surely, it would hardly do to people Wessex with First and Second Grave-diggers, or even with third and fourth companions of that trade, of a mitigated humour. We like a grave-digger, when occasion serves, and his volubility; but we also stand by Mr. Hardy's stupid rustic of laborious words and clogged commonplaces. We know him in life, and we are willing enough to renew the acquaintance in literature.

Mr. Baring Gould has been to the Cevennes—without Modestine. His book, therefore, will give us more of mountains and less of a donkey than Stevenson's immortal journey. Coloured and sepia illustrations—for Mr. Baring Gould's book will be elaborately illustrated—will break the march of the travels, just as did Modestine's invincible halts. The desperate remedies to which those halts drove the usually gentle "R. L. S." nearly lost him an introduction that led to a friendship for Lady Taylor. The Queen of Bournemouth, when Stevenson went to sojourn there, demurred at the presentation of a "man with a goad." And then the spurs! But this man with a goad and with spurs that once—but we shirk the recital—became the dear and understanding friend of the great supporter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in those parts. They were brother and sister at heart in their love of the beast.

The publishers of these Colour Books are now running races—not donkey races, evidently—to see which will get first to this famous place or that: a wholesome exercise enough when the Cevennes are in view. We hear, for instance, of two books just commissioned—both of them with Hungary for their subject. Messrs. A. and C. Black have commissioned Mr. Adrian Stokes to write a book about Hungary—the text to be illustrated by his own and his wife's drawings. This will be Mr. Stokes's first adventure with his pen; but those of his friends who are familiar with his letters from abroad have no fear of the issue. Mr. Methuen has the second work under way; the letterpress will probably be a translation, but the pictures are in the hands of Mr. Pascoe, who lately illustrated Mr. Hind's book on Cornwall, and has already started for the Hungarian scene.

The Colour Book, hardly less than the motor car, is changing the true-born Englishman's outlook upon foreign nations. Fifty years ago the ponderous accounts, such as were published in Constable's "Miscellany" of your Hungary or your Cevennes were packed with prejudices, and their authors were very ignorant of the art of special reporting. Even in the honest 'sixties a traveller would come home somewhat breathless from a tour through France, and report, in pompous prose, of the horrors of a priest-ridden country, of the innate savagery of its population, of extortioners, and so forth. But Mr. Hilaire Belloc has changed all that. He is all hilarity, and has about him nothing at all of the bellicose. We are made hail-fellow-well-met with the monk on modern roads; and he knows the nun for somebody's daughter, somebody's sister, with a very human heart underneath her holy weeds. Mr. Belloc has performed many prodigies in his day; as an artilleryman his dash can be imagined; but really his greatest feat is to be seen in his frequent marshalling of conquering columns in the *Morning Post*—columns that march with a fine stride and a gay—against the long-standing prejudices of the daily reader.

M. E.



MR. GALLAGHAN (who has seen PAT come out of the village inn): So you're not a teetotaler, Pat. Now, look at me: I've never tasted strong drink, and I'm eighty.

PAT: Be hivin, if ye'd taken a dhrap like the rest o' us, ye might 'a' been a hundred be now!

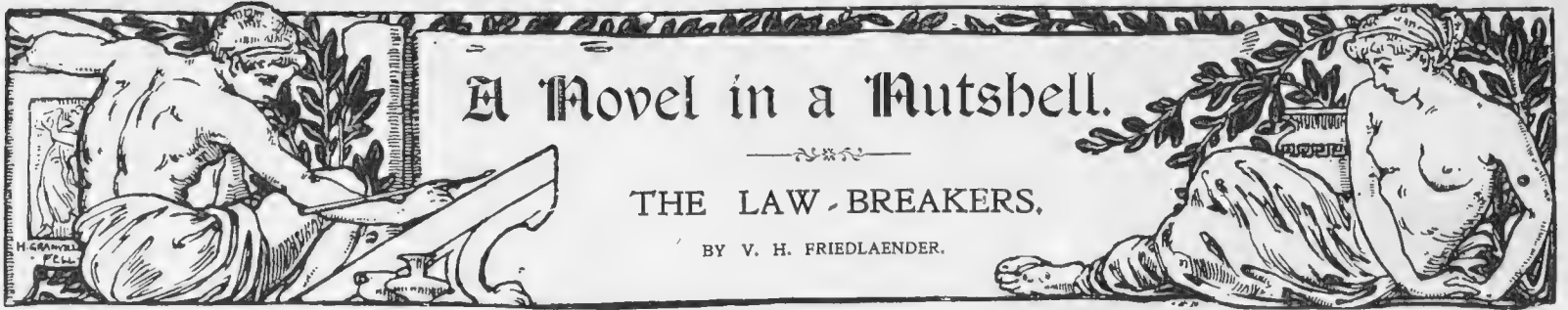
DRAWN BY JAMES GREIG.

AIRY CRITICISM !



BILL (*watching the traffic below*): Risky things, them there motors.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



BABETTE sank in a crumpled heap on the lawn.

"Oh, it is good to see you, Sue," she said, and flung a strapful of books on to the gravel path.

Her cousin eyed them dubiously. "What about your work, Bab?"

"I don't care; I'll get up at four to-morrow. But Sue, I *must* talk to you now. You're so nice and sympathetic. Here at home they all think I'm a baby. And I'm twenty."

Sue smiled. Babette's simple grey frock, broad white collar, and strapful of books certainly laid her open to misunderstandings of this sort.

Babette thumped her fist on the grass. "Don't laugh at me, Sue!"

"Of course not!" said Sue hastily. "You mustn't mind them, Babette. They can't help it, I think. You see, you've been at school always, haven't you?"

"I'm not at school now," said Babette violently.

"No, no, of course not! Still—exams., and all that, you know, Babette. When you're a B.Sc., they'll be obliged to acknowledge you're grown up."

Babette raised despairing eyes. "Oh, Sue, I don't know how to express it, but—all the *flavour's* gone from the B.Sc."

Sue's eyebrows rose very slightly. "Since when, Bab dear?"

"Oh, I don't know! Sue, there aren't any words for the queer things I feel."

"There never are," mused Sue, "when we are twenty."

Babette wriggled. "Don't be horrid, Sue. I'm bursting, I tell you, with *the—most—extraordinary* feelings."

"Yes, I know. Are they still for Miss M'Clelland?"

Babette gave a howl of wrath. "Sue! Sue! I shan't tell you another word. Miss—Miss M'Clelland's dead and buried."

"Bab! I passed her this morning."

"Oh, well, to *me* I mean, of course."

"Babette, you're very fickle. Which of the lecturers do you buy flowers for now?"

Babette laid her cheek on Sue's lap. "I wish," she said inconsequently, "that I had a nice, cool white dress on, and looked dainty and sweet like you, Sue. You're always just right, and I—oh, only look at me!"

Bab's voice expressed the extremity of dejection.

"I'm looking," laughed Sue. "*Item*, two inky fingers. *Item*, one collar, indifferent clean—"

"Oh, don't, Sue!" Babette's voice trembled. "It makes me wretched to—think I'm so hideous."

"Hideous? Bab, this is fishing, crude and unashamed."

"No, no!"

"Yes, it is. You want me to tell you that you've got a face to launch a thousand ships, and burn—"

"Oh, Sue! Be good to me," Babette faltered.

Sue bent over her with swift compunction. "Poor little Bab! Does Miss M'Clelland think—"

Babette groaned. "I don't care what Miss M'Clelland thinks," she said wrathfully. "It's—it's—"

"Tell me," persuaded Sue.

Babette looked up with the calmness of despair. "It's a he."

"Oh," said Sue thoughtfully.

"Yes," continued Babette, "and I love him frightfully, and can't sleep or work for the hurting of it, and he doesn't know and doesn't care and never will."

Sue repressed a smile, not without difficulty. Babette's appreciation of the profound tragedy of it was so immense.

"Perhaps you are wrong," she suggested. "Can't you tell me any more about him?"

"Oh, yes, heaps; I'm dying to," said Babette ingenuously. "It nearly kills me to keep it to myself. When it's too bad to bear I—don't laugh, Sue."

"No."

"I write poetry. Oh, you *are* laughing."

"No, no! Go on, Bab dear."

"I couldn't tell anyone but you, Sue."

"I hope you won't, Bab."

"If there was anything," sighed Babette, "that one could *do*, it would be different. When I liked Miss M'Clelland, I could give her flowers and clean her bicycle and ask her to tea, but with him—" She looked at Sue doubtfully.

"Oh, of course," said Sue, "it's quite different."

"Is there *anything* a girl can do," wailed Babette, "when she loves a man and he never even remembers she's alive?"

Sue shook her head. "I'm afraid not."

"It's stupid, then," declared Babette, "and I loathe being a girl. A man doesn't have to bottle up his feelings and label them 'Poison,' and why should we?"

Sue sighed suddenly. "Nobody can tell us that, Bab. It's the Law."

"What Law?"

"The woman's love shall answer to the man's, not the man's to the woman's. If you break it, you're punished."

Babette chewed a blade of grass. "It's a mean shame," she said at last, piteously; "isn't it, Sue? I love him so that it makes me ache and ache—you don't know."

Sue was silent, but her look caught Babette's attention.

"I say, Sue," she demanded, "*do* you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why, how it feels?" Her eyes met Sue's keenly. "Oh, you do, you do! Sue, have you broken the Law?"

Sue hesitated. "Yes," she said at last.

"And—and were you punished?"

Sue tore a leaf into thin shreds. "It's—it's in the present tense, Bab," she explained.

"Oh, Sue!" Babette's voice was awestruck. "How on earth can you keep so cheerful? No one would ever guess."

She laughed. "Good gracious! I should hope not. When anyone guesses it's time to—to marry someone else."

"I couldn't do that," said Babette seriously.

"No?"

"No; because no one wants to marry me."

"You odd child! Well, tell me the heaps more you were speaking of just now. How old is he?"

Babette shook her head. "I don't know. But once he lent me one of his college books, and there was a date in it."

Sue ascertained the date, and gave an exclamation of dismay. "Bab! He must be—why, let me see, at best thirty-five, and at worst thirty-eight. Oh, you foolish child."

"I'm not a child. I'm twenty."

Sue abandoned the point. "Well, but—who is he?"

"One of the lecturers," whispered Babette. "Oh, Sue, if I could explain how he makes me feel! When he looks at me I shiver, and when he says I've done anything well I want to die that minute, while I'm so happy; and even when he says awful sarcastic, *biting* things, I'd rather bear them than be ignored. And all the time, while my feelings are nearly tearing me in half, I sit like an owl, and he couldn't possibly guess I've got any."

Sue shook her head. "You really haven't quite grown up, Bab," she hazarded.

Babette tossed the hair out of her eyes. "That's right," she said with bitterness, "copy my enlightened family. That's the sort of remark which they consider humorous."

"I'm so sorry," Sue replied. "I don't think it a bit humorous, you know; only true. But I won't say it any more. I do honestly wish I could help you."

Babette hugged her with suddenness and vigour. "You darling! It makes the ache much less when I talk to you."

"You haven't told me which of the lecturers it is. Do I know him?"

"Yes, a little." She raised her lips to Sue's ear. "It's Mr. Mostyn. You remember him?"

"Yes," said Sue.

"Isn't he perfect?" breathed Babette.

"A delightful man," agreed Sue; "but, Bab—"

"Oh, I know! Much too delightful for me, you mean," Babette sighed dolorously. "I know that; but, Sue, if I found out he cared for anyone else—oh, it would kill me!"

"Bab, Bab!" Sue protested "you know practically nothing about him."

"I see him nearly every day."

"At lectures?"

"Yes."

"Well, but— Oh, Bab, you can't find out what a man's like by his lectures!"

"Yes, you can," declared Babette. "If he keeps calm when twenty men students go howling down the corridor and drowning his voice in the middle of his lecture, you know he's good-tempered; and if you tell him you couldn't do your work because you had a headache, and he doesn't suggest that you went to a party instead, you know that he's a gentleman, and a good judge of character; and if—"

[Continued overleaf.]

STOUT AND BITTER.



THE 'CORPULENT' LONGSHOREMAN: So you both wants to be a boatman like me? Well, take my advice and don't.
It's a starving perfession.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"Pax!" protested Sue, laughing. "You've made a complete study of the question, evidently. I surrender. But——"

"Well?" demanded Babette defiantly.

"Nothing. Come to tea with me to-morrow, Bab."

"Who'll be there?" asked Bab suspiciously.

"Only Anna Clevedon and Mr. Walbrook."

"Mr. Walbrook? Mr.—Mr. Mostyn's assistant?"

"Yes. Surely you know him?"

"No; he only takes the Juniors."

"Well, he's very nice. I'll talk to Anna, if you like; and you can pump Mr. Walbrook about his chief. You must be careful, though, Bab."

Babette's look was haughty. "Of course!" Then she thought of something, and it changed to interest. "I say, Sue, is it true that Mr. Walbrook is—is gone on you? Anna Clevedon told me he was."

"Oh, well!" Sue considered the point of her shoe.

"Gilbert Walbrook is twenty-four," she explained. "All young men begin by liking someone older than themselves. When I have started him properly he will be ready to fall in love with the right girl."

"Will he?" asked Babette listlessly. "Oh, Sue," she sighed, "if you'd heard him crush me this morning because I'd done one rider less than Anna!"

Sue laughed slyly as she rose to go. "Mr. Walbrook?" she asked.

Sue's lips made smiling replies to Anna Clevedon's chatter, but she was able, nevertheless, to catch occasional glimpses of her other two visitors, and occasional scraps of their conversation.

"He's changing his rooms," she heard Walbrook say.

"Really? Is he going nearer town?" Babette asked with admirable indifference.

"Oh, no; it's only that he's not satisfied with the way the people cook where he is now."

She stole a glance at Babette's face, and her eyes danced.

The invaluable Walbrook proceeded innocently on his devastating career.

"I dined with him the other night," he continued, "and they'd forgotten to get some sweetbreads or something. It riled him rather, especially when the coffee was groundy as well—at least, he said it was. I didn't see much wrong with it. The poor girl who waited—he laughed reminiscently—"was in no end of a funk, one could see."

Babette turned bewildered eyes on him. "Does he—care so about things like that?" she faltered.

Walbrook shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, you know, most men after a certain age—how does it go?"

Happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

Babette's lips curled. "Does it for you, Mr. Walbrook?"

"Me? No, I don't think so. In fact, I'm afraid I hardly ever notice what I'm eating. I read generally."

Babette sighed enviously. "How lovely! I've always wished I could read at meals, but mother won't let us."

"You've got people to talk to," he reminded her; "but alone in digs——"

"Yes," agreed Babette sympathetically; "it must be horrid."

"Well, if you really must go——" It was Sue's voice, slightly raised in farewell to Anna Clevedon. The door closed behind her, and Babette rose.

"I must go, too, I think, Sue," she said; and there was faint regret in her tone.

"And I," murmured Walbrook.

They all strolled down to the garden-gate together.

"I believe," said Walbrook, with the air of one who has made a surprising discovery, "that we go in the same direction?"

Babette nodded. "Yes," she said shyly.

"Sue," said Babette.

"Yes, Bab?"

"You said a month ago that I was fickle."

"Yes, Bab."

"Well, I am."

Sue was silent, but a little smile fluttered on her lips.

"Sue."

"Yes?"

"Oh, Sue, do help me out. Haven't you noticed anything this last month?"

Sue nodded thoughtfully. "*Item*," she said, and kissed Bab's forehead, "eight fingers, all uninked; *item*, two thumbs, ditto; *item*, miraculously clean collars—but this grows tedious, Bab, doesn't it?"

Babette buried her face in Sue's gown. "Then you've guessed, Sue?"

"Yes, I've guessed."

"Oh, Sue, I'm so happy."

"That's right, Bab."

"It happened last night, Sue. He—Gilbert—I say, Sue, *he's* fickle, too. Do you—do you mind?"

Sue laughed softly. "Didn't I tell you I was only starting him properly?—preparatory school, you know?"

"Sure?"

"Sure."

Babette gave a sigh of relief. "I'm glad it wasn't serious. I suppose," she added thoughtfully, "that my preparatory school was Mr. Mos——"

"Bab," interrupted Sue hastily, "you were not grown up a month ago."

"No—o," conceded Bab; "I don't think I was. But what's that got to do with it? I was just saying my prepar——"

"Look!" Sue said. "There's Mr. Walbrook—by the garden gate."

Babette grew pink. "And—and Mr. Mostyn with him. Oh, Sue, how *could* I ever have compared——"

"Bab!" Sue placed a hand on her lips. "If you dare to finish that sentence I shall—I shall slap you."

"Sue! What's the matter with you?"

Sue rose to her feet. The two men were fast approaching.

"Bab, I told you a lot of rubbish a month ago about breaking the Law; do you remember?"

Babette shook her head wisely. "Oh, but, Sue, it isn't rubbish. Gilbert says——"

"Oh, I only mean it was rubbish in my case. Because—he did care all the time, Bab, though I thought he didn't."

"Who? Gilbert? But, Sue, you just said——"

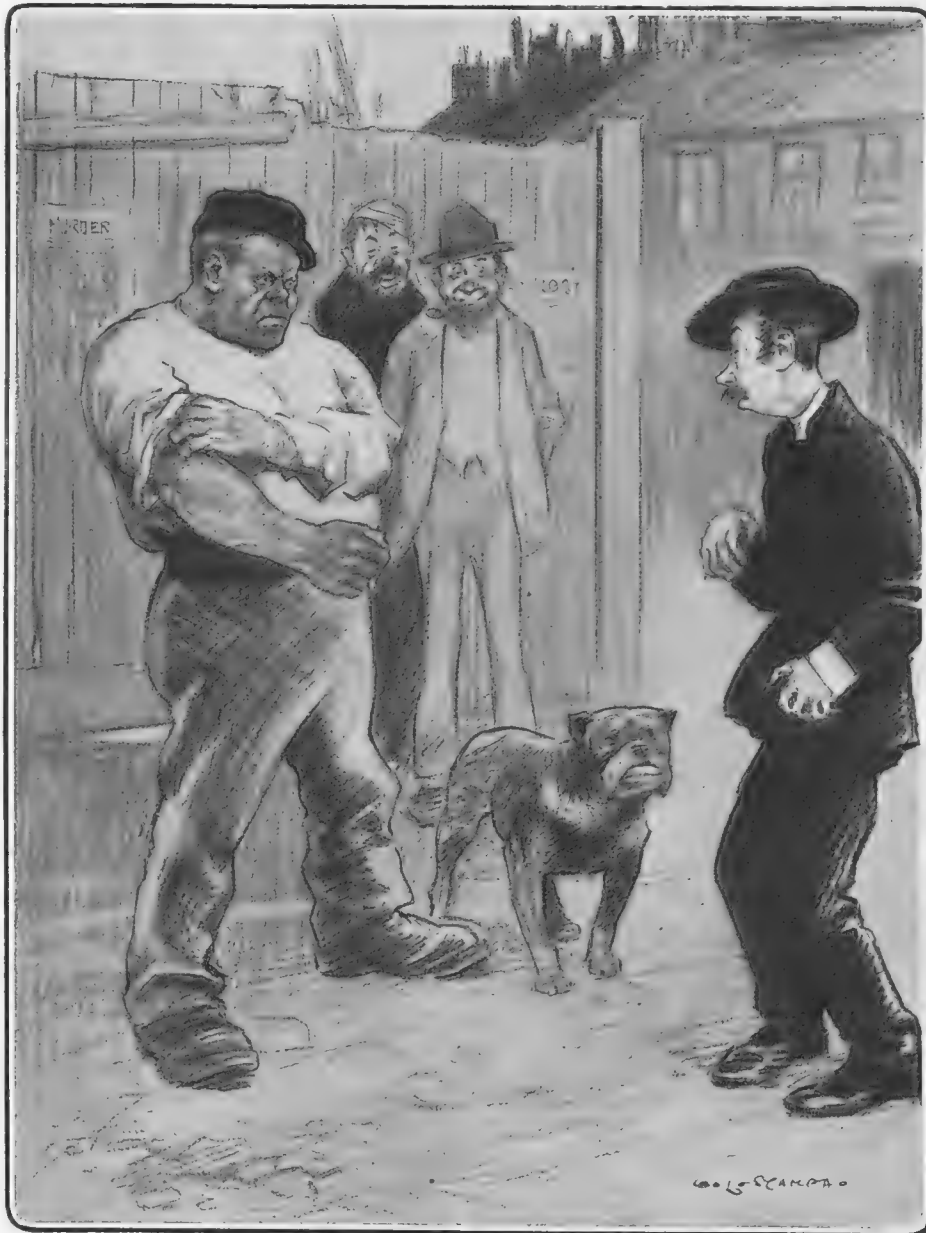
"Oh, no, no! Not Gilbert," groaned Sue.

Babette frowned perplexedly.

"Well, but then, who——?" Footsteps sounded on the gravel-path, and Babette turned.

"Will you give us tea, Sue?" asked Mr. Mostyn.

THE END.



A NEW COVER FOR AN OLD SONG.

"Ah, me! I was a pale young curate then."—THE VICAR'S SONG.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE fact that Queen Alexandra appeared in a hat instead of a toque at Ascot was to all the ladies present the sensation of Gold Cup Day. Her Majesty inherited the sartorial supremacy

in the volume of his mother's letters, edited by Princess Christian; and as a child he was frequently at Osborne and Balmoral. The Grand Duke is accompanied by his second wife, whose visit to England must be something of an ordeal, for this is her first introduction to a large circle of new relatives; the marriage took place some two years ago, and the Grand Duchess, who now bears the name of our Sovereign's favourite sister, is the mother of a son and heir, who will be a year old this autumn, whose birth caused widespread manifestations of joy at Hesse-Darmstadt.



THE SCENE OF MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S SCHOOLDAYS: THE SILLIG INSTITUTE, VEEVEY. Mr. Morgan attributes much of his success to the teaching of Professor Scheiterberg, and recently visited him while on his way to Italy.—[Photograph supplied by H. Deville.]

of the Empress Eugénie, and ever since she became the most beautiful and the most popular Princess of Wales England had known for many years she has remained the undisputed leader of fashion. It is, however, a curious fact that at no time did her Majesty succumb to the charm of the picture-hat; she made popular the neat, becoming Princess bonnet which survives in every modern trained nurse's costume, and more recently the Queen proved the enduring becomingness of the toque; but not till last week did her Majesty appear on a full-dress occasion, and, indeed, otherwise than on a yacht, in a round hat. The King's daughters follow their mother's example in the matter of dress, and they seldom venture into the region of the so-called "picturesque"; but the young Queen of Spain is rarely seen in anything but a large picture-hat trimmed with ostrich-feathers.



THE PROFESSOR WHO TAUGHT MR. PIERPONT MORGAN MATHEMATICS: HERR AUGUST SCHEITERBERG.

Photograph supplied by H. Deville.

Smart Ladies as Book-Lovers. The sale of Mrs. Craigie's library bids fair to be something of a Society event, for "John Oliver Hobbes" was very popular in the great world, and many well-known people hope to secure some souvenir of her peculiar and brilliant personality. To be literary is now the fashion; for each of our leading beauties has her book-plate and her favourite "serious" author; and books, exquisitely bound, and, if possible, distinguished by being either first editions or issued from some special press, have become the favourite wedding-gift of statesmen—Mr. Balfour, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Birrell seldom giving anything else to those of their fair friends who are adventuring on the most perilous of seas. The book-plate of to-day has little in common with the severe armorial design of another age: many ladies introduce not only whatever happens to be their favourite musical instrument—drawing, of course, the line at a piano—but also their pet dog into the drawing.

An Important Royal Visitor. The Grand Duke of Hesse was in some ways the most interesting guest at the royal garden-party. If only because he is the sole surviving son of Princess Alice, the young German ruler would be sure of

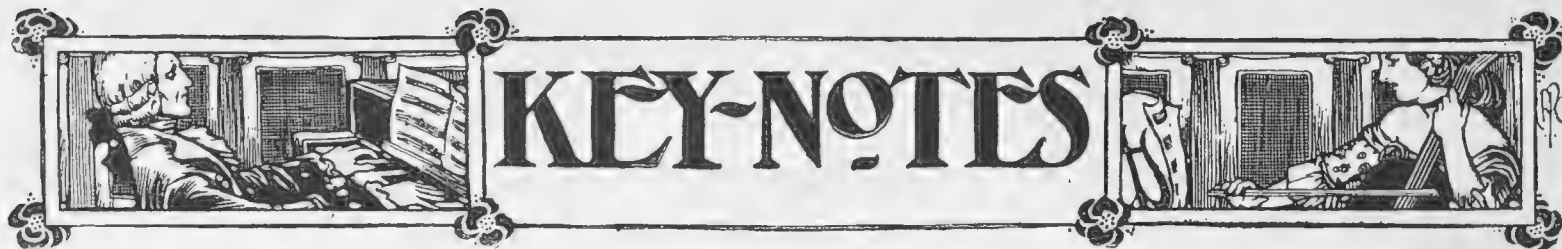
Concerning a Treasure.

All Paris has been laughing at a treasure-story in which a mulatto prisoner of the Island of Guadeloupe fooled a mulatto M.P. and the prison director. Perhaps the *détenu* had read one of those beautiful stories of Spanish treasure which crop up from time to time, and thought he would like to try something on his own account. Anyway, one is apt to tire of gruel and the other delicacies of the prison menu. So the prisoner hit upon a plan to get a little attention. He wrote to his mother: "Dear Mammie,—Look after the treasure I told you of; I was forced to hide it when I came in here. Do take care that no one finds the hiding-place." Governors of French prisons, like the governors of other prisons, read the prisoners' letters. Our literary inventor was well aware of it; hence he was not over-surprised when he got an invitation to lunch in distinguished company. The director sat at the head of the table, and the other guest, besides the prisoner, was the local deputy. The feast proceeded, and in the course of it the prisoner talked largely of his treasure. Presently the little party sallied forth from the prison walls, intent upon the hidden gold. The prisoner led the others straight to a tree in the forest and scratched the earth for an hour or more. Then he uttered a cry. "The treasure is stolen!" he gasped. Now the prisoner is sorry the joke went so far; he is never asked any more to lunch with the Governor, and "skilly" is particularly thin after ox-tail and champagne. But for all that it was fun whilst it lasted.



DESCENDANT OF THE CHARCOAL-BURNER WHO DROVE WILLIAM RUFUS'S BODY TO WINCHESTER: MR. PURKISS IN THE ROMSEY PAGEANT.

Mr. Purkiss, who is driving the "body" of the Red King in the Romsey Pageant, is a lineal descendant of the charcoal-burner Purkiss who conveyed the body of William Rufus to Winchester. Mr. Purkiss is well known in the neighbourhood of Romsey. Curiously enough, in 1899 he successfully contested the right of way through King's Lane, Chandler's Ford, over which the body of Rufus was taken.



THE return of M. Paderewski filled the Queen's Hall with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Since the early days when the Polish pianist gave his first series of recitals at the St. James's Hall his hold upon the British public has been secure. To be sure, the vulgar element among concert-goers has behaved after its kind, translating its admiration for the art into terms of personal attention that must doubtless have been distasteful and embarrassing to the artist. Happily, the orchestra was kept clear on Tuesday afternoon, and the weak-minded enthusiasts were held at bay. M. Paderewski's programme, which suffered slightly from the instrument employed, opened with some variations and fugue on an original theme from the player's pen. It gave him ample scope for the qualities that make the least appeal to us—for much forced tone and a certain brilliance that suggested nothing more than an amazing mastery of technique and a determination to enlarge the boundaries of the piano. Then came the Beethoven Sonata (Op. 27, No. 2) that is popularly known as the "Moonlight Sonata," and the work found M. Paderewski in his happiest mood. He became an interpreter of a master with whom he is in entire sympathy, and he filled the house with a sense of the undying beauty of the music. His interpretation was completely beautiful and satisfying, and if the reading of the final movement was unconventional, we can accept it gratefully at his hands.

Throughout the afternoon the renowned pianist was at his best in the quieter passages of the music. As he became more forceful he became less sympathetic: more a virtuoso than an interpreter. Since M. Paderewski was last in London many remarkable players have come and gone, but none has succeeded in replacing him, or even in approaching him when he allows his chosen instrument to sing. And even when he elects to give free rein to his emotions and to forget the essential limitations of the instrument, he is more acceptable than many others who do the same; for we know that when the pedal is at rest and the crash of chords has died down there will come a period in which the sense of what is beautiful returns to him, and to his audience with redoubled force. It is to be hoped that M. Paderewski will not forget that London is full of his admirers, and that he will not leave us again for such a long time.

The long-promised revival of "La Gioconda" is now an accomplished fact, and it is to be hoped that the musician, aided by the splendid devotion of the singers who have interpreted him, has triumphed over the combined faults of Victor Hugo and "Tobio Gorrio." The directors have mounted the opera in most generous fashion: Destinn in the name-part and Kirkby Lunn as Laura have invested the two characters with all possible significance, vocal and

dramatic; and if Barnaba is like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath—the operatic stage excepted—the fault is not Sammarco's. He sings beautifully, he acts as though Barnaba were not ridiculous. Edna Thornton as La Cieca is, like the curate's egg in the familiar story, "very good in parts"; her action is beautiful, but unfortunately there are inequalities in her voice, and the music finds them out. Ponchielli's score is full of beautiful points, and Signor Campanini emphasises them all. We have constant reminders that some of the younger Italian composers have not forgotten Ponchielli's melodies. Every singer has several chances of gaining applause for music that has the happiest inspiration, and has been handled with great skill in the orchestra. The "Ballet of the Hours" was given in most spirited fashion, and received with a near approach to enthusiasm.

Had Ponchielli lived—and he died when he was little more than fifty—he would doubtless have moved with Verdi on to the high plane where that master's "Falstaff" and "Otello" stand secure. In "La Gioconda" his dramatic gift runs away with him; the book is always crying out at the top of its voice, and he is so concerned with setting every call to the most appropriate music that the opera suffers from the combination of great intentions. In spite of these limitations, Ponchielli comes very close to Verdi's best manner, and is his equal down to the time when Verdi wrote his last few works. In Italy Ponchielli holds a considerable place, and now that the Grand Opera Syndicate has given his most popular work under most favourable conditions there should be a place for the composer in London. When his opera was produced for the first time at Covent Garden (1883) it had a very hearty welcome.

Madame Selma Kurz returned to town to sing the Gilda music in "Rigoletto," but she was not at her best, and the whole performance suffered. Madame Kurz has a beautiful voice, but it is often

cold, and her intonation is not always correct. She has exhibited a tendency to sing sharp on many occasions: the revival of "Rigoletto" providing one. At the same time, we must remember that the season has been very trying, and that the weather has been most unkind to sensitive throats. The Covent Garden directors have realised that the small part of Madalena must be entrusted to a capable artist if the famous quartet in the last act is to have its full effect. Since Madame Kirkby Lunn gave up the part no really good singer has interpreted it, and it was a good

idea to ask Madame de Cisneros to sing the music. Although this singer's middle notes are not equal to the others, she is a sufficiently accomplished artist to conceal the weakness, and when she takes part in the quartet with singers like Bassi, Sammarco, and Selma Kurz, the result is excellent.

COMMON CHORD.



A WELL-KNOWN LADY WHISTLER: MISS MARGOT LETHBRIDGE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



AN UNCOMMON INSTRUMENT: MR. GEORGE ST. GEORGE WITH HIS VIOLA D'AMORE.

The extra pegs give the instrument an interesting aspect.—[Photograph by the Solcikon Studio.]



THE KAISER AND THE KAISERPREIS—REGULARITY OF TIMES—TYRES—THE BROOKLANDS TRACK—CHANGING COVERS.

IF royal, or perhaps I should say imperial, patronage goes for anything, automobilism ought to flourish in Germany. All that a great ruler can do to encourage and promote a large and growing industry is done by the German Emperor. Not only does he give the Kaiserpreis and lend it his name, but, to show how closely he chooses to identify himself with the race, he was present on the 13th at Kloster Thron, the point on the Taunus Course where the great stands were erected, from 4 a.m. until the close of the second half of the elimination trials; and on the 14th inst. from 6 a.m. until the great race itself was over and he had received in audience and heartily congratulated the drivers, mechanics, and constructors of the placed cars. Small wonder that the farewell which the huge crowd of sporting automobilists there gathered accorded him and his suite was of a most enthusiastic nature.

The results of the Kaiserpreis afford us much food for thought, and should suggest to the Committee of the Royal Automobile Club, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the lines upon which to formulate the conditions for the Tourist Trophy and Heavy Touring Car races for next year. Cylinder capacity, a minimum chassis weight, and certain obvious minimum and maximum dimensions would appear to provoke most satisfactory racing. The regular running of certain of the cars other than those that ran into places was most remarkable. The course was 72½ miles in circuit, quite one-third of which consisted of a narrow, twisting road running up and down deep little river valleys, and chequered frequently by awful bends and corners, some of the worst of the latter being in the towns and villages. The various grades also necessitated many changes of speed, such changes, to insure regularity of circuit, requiring to be made at the same point at each circuit.

And yet, with natural and mechanical difficulties innumerable, and the personal equation intervening, most extraordinary regularity of times between circuit and circuit of one machine and the circuits of types are made evident by an examination of the published lap periods. The most remarkable figures in the whole race are those afforded by Hautvast's first three rounds. The first was completed in 84 min. 14. sec., the second in 84 min. 2 sec. (twelve seconds faster), and the third in 84 min. 30 sec. Now, presuming the average speed made by this Pipe driver to be fifty miles per hour, or twenty-five yards per second, the difference between the first and second circuit was 300 yards; between the second and third, 700 yards; and between first and third, 400 yards. Why, a carefully driven and signalled express train, running over a perfect road, could hardly improve upon this performance.

In the Kaiserpreis it is evident that the tyres stood the awful corner work on the course in a truly remarkable manner. Although the glory of sustaining the winner through so great a trial goes to Michelin—for all three Fiats ran on the Clermont-Ferrand tyres—Continental clad the wheels of the Belgian car which was second, and the two German cars finishing third and fourth. Of the twenty cars that completed the course, nine ran on Michélins and ten on Continentals. Jenatszy's Mercedes was shod with Jenatszy tyres.



ACROSS THE SEA BY MOTOR-CAR: THE DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, WHO HAS INVENTED AN AUTOMOBILE THAT WILL RUN ON THE WATER.

According to a Society gossip in the "Journal," the Duke de la Rochefoucauld has just perfected an invention which is intended to revolutionise travel between England and France. The Duke, it seems, has constructed a "sea-motor-car" that, in calm weather, can attain a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour on the water. Highly successful experiments have been made already, but great secrecy is being maintained. Should the invention prove practicable, it may yet be possible for the motorist to start from London in the morning and arrive in Paris in the afternoon without once getting out of his car, for, according to the Duke, his "sea-attachment" will not prevent his automobile from holding its own on roads with the ordinary land motor-car of to-day.



THE MOSCOW—ST. PETERSBURG RACE: A BROKEN-DOWN COMPETITOR BEING DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS.

Photograph by Savellieff.

bellious cover. The merit of this tool has long been known, but it is only just now that it is likely to become a blessing to men—I mean men who are motorists. That exhausting, temper-ruining job of inserting or removing security-bolts and inner-tube valves is a simple matter with the manipulator in hand.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)

On Monday of last week a number of representative journalists were invited to a private demonstration of the use of the Brooklands Motor Track, which is Weybridge way. The track is finished; such work as remains to be done is purely of a detail character, such as the completion of auxiliary roads, grand stands, buildings and the like. Although the illustrations given in *The Sketch* present a wonderfully comprehensive idea of this great motordrome as a whole, the immensity of the work can only be realised by making a complete tour of the course and walking under the huge, sweeping curves that link up the lengthy straights. The view over the course and the valley of the Wey, stretching away to Newlands Corner of the Merrow range, which can be enjoyed from the eminence of the club enclosure must be seen to be realised. Before the end of the season comes we should see all London swarming to the Brooklands Motor Track.

All who have struggled with a stiff, new, and exasperatingly refractory cover will welcome any sort of utensil or apparatus which tends to lighten such grinding toil. I know that at shows we see covers slipped on and off their rims in marvellously short periods, while the operators turn never a hair; but when it has fallen to one's lot to attempt emulation of these feats on the hard high-road—"Oh, what an alteration!" Therefore I say, and many will echo me, blessed indeed is the man who is able to smooth the path of the motorist. Legion is the name of the devices that have been put forward by outsiders; in these I have but little faith. But when a tool receives the countenance of a tyre firm of great standing, then the boot is on the other foot.

All this time I have had in mind the Dunlop Tyre Manipulator, a long-hafted, flat-bladed fork with swinging links, which, manipulated according to the few simple instructions given, triumphs easily over the most recalcitrant and re-

THE WORLD OF SPORT

NOW FOR GOODWOOD—BOOKMAKING—OWNERS' INTERESTS.

THE Ascot meeting was one of the best held on the royal heath for many years past, and it proved that there is still plenty of vitality in the sport of kings. It is, by-the-bye, very unfortunate that his Majesty has such a poor lot of horses just now, but, as I mentioned some weeks back, the King has decided to strike out a new line, and before long I am sure we shall see the royal colours in the van once more. As the King and Queen are to go to Goodwood House for the meeting in the ducal park, there should be the biggest attendance on record. I believe one or two minor alterations have been made in the stands and rings since the last meeting, and the course is better than it has ever been. Indeed, it is always good going at Goodwood. The Stewards' Cup is the chief dish of the meeting, and I do think that an attempt should be made to institute some long-distance handicaps to encourage the breeding of stayers. On the opening day of the Ascot meeting there are three races run over two miles, and one over one mile five furlongs. These are, in my opinion, much prettier to watch than five-furlong sprints; and the Goodwood course is well adapted for races of the kind. I am convinced that, were my suggestion put into practice, the ducal meeting would be one of the best held in this country. It is absolutely necessary, in the interests of the sport, that something be done to encourage the breeding of stayers. Many of the so-called classic horses of to-day cannot stay a yard over a mile, and when they are pitted against stayers of the second class they collapse lamentably. We look to Goodwood to assist in giving us more stayers.

The death of Lord Granville Gordon, a brother to Lady Eleanor Wickham, the Countess of Lonsdale, and Lord Huntly, reminds me that some few years back he had a share in a book. I heard at the time that Lord Rosslyn and Lord Dudley were following my napped selections, and that my luck was "dead out," as they say in the cheap ring. Anyway,

money on my nap for the Northumberland Plate. It happened to be his own horse, Exmoor, which, ably ridden by John Watts, won a clever victory. Lord Granville Gordon was a thorough all-round sportsman. I remember seeing him and his brother, the late Esme Gordon, at the boxing match between Slavin and McAuliffe that took place under a railway arch at the back of a club in Walworth Road. The fight was little more than a one-round affair, as Slavin knocked

his man out in a couple of rounds. During the contest a brick came through the skylight, and Lord Esme had a narrow escape. Lady Eleanor Wickham has attended the principal race meetings for many years, and during the race week at Goodwood her Ladyship always occu-

piated the thatched house about a quarter of a mile from the principal lodge gates on the road from Chichester to Goodwood House.

The Racehorse Owners' Association is already doing useful work in the interests of owners, and the newly organised body has come to stay. I hope that the Association will in time tackle the stabling and fodder question completely, and I am not quite sure that it would not be best to begin at the top, and try and get free stabling at Ascot. True, the fixture held on the royal heath is what is termed a free and open meeting, and the prizes, very valuable, are competed for by horses the property of gentlemen who race for sport's sake, and not for money. All the same, I am of opinion that the meeting would flourish to a greater extent than it does at present if the managers were able to announce "free stabling and fodder for horses running at the meeting." Many members of our old nobility have been hard hit by the agricultural depression of the last few years, to say nothing of the death duties, and they now have to look at a pound before spending it. Again, the big financiers who run horses do not believe in throwing away money uselessly, and they appreciate to the full the "getting of value." Horses that on paper have only half a chance are now kept at home to save expenses, whereas if stabling and fodder were free, these might be sent to swell the fields that for many of the races are much too small to be interesting as spectacles. It is not a big question, that matter of free stabling, so far as Ascot is concerned, but it is a burning one with those who are at the present time deeply interested in curtailing the demands of "kitty."

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



FROM THE GOLD COUNTRY TO THE DOLLAR CITY BY DOG-SLEIGH: MR. ELI SMITH AND HIS TEAM OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

Mr. Eli Smith, mine-owner and millionaire, recently arrived in Washington from Alaska, having travelled on the dog-sleigh shown. In the sleigh is President Roosevelt's youngest son.

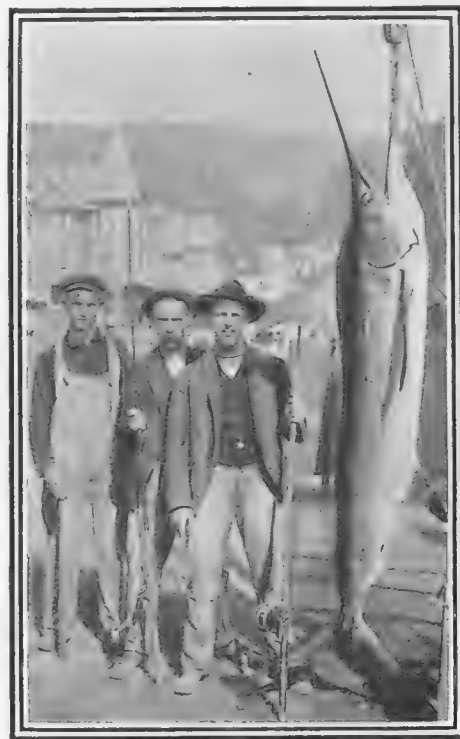


THE WINNER OF THE KAISER'S CUP: THE GERMAN SCHOONER "CLARA," WHICH WON THE DOVER-HELIGOLAND RACE.

The "Clara" is the property of Herr Max von Guillaume, of Cologne. She beat the English ketch "Carlad" by 1 minute 5 seconds.

Photograph by Beken and Son.

a long sequence of losers was not stopped until Buccaneer, owned by Lord Rosslyn, won the Great Ebor Handicap, and his Lordship captured a big sum in bets over the result. Strange to say, Lord Rosslyn did not know that Buccaneer was my nap for the race, so he had a lot more than he had expected. I was told of the same thing happening some year or two previously. Mr. Walter Blake had put



A CATCH THERE WAS NO NEED TO EXAGGERATE: A 12-FOOT SWORD-FISH, LANDED OFF CATALINA ISLAND.

From tip to tip the fish measured nearly 12 feet. It was caught with rod and line, was 2 hours, 48 minutes on the line, and weighed 265 lb.

Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepherson.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Efficiency and the "Schläfchen."

The Berlin visit of the Lord Mayor has been full of agreeable surprises. In Germany, where everyone is efficient, they have a national institution called the *schläfchen*. This is nothing more complicated than a little sleep in the afternoon, between the somewhat ponderous early dinner and the excellent coffee, which is served at four. Nothing is allowed to interfere with this ancient Teutonic rite, which obtains everywhere the German tongue is spoken. Indeed, the answer to the patriotic song, "Where is the German's Fatherland?" should be "Where they take forty winks of an afternoon"—and get up more strenuous and efficient than ever. All classes and all professions are adepts at this ceremony, and I have seen, with these eyes, in a German country house, dashing cavalry officers in tight tunics and rattling swords disappear about 2.30, to emerge again in an hour's time, still looking a trifle sleepy, but armed in every sense for the conquest of the fair. Students and professors, matrons and business men, tinkers and tailors, all enjoy a nap in the afternoon. So when our genial and witty Lord Mayor was told to take a siesta directly he arrived in Berlin, he, not knowing the habits of the natives, was as astonished as he was delighted. The institution of the *schläfchen* should be introduced in London without delay, and efficiency would follow as a matter of course. It is a habit, however, which, like that of opium, once acquired, can never be shaken off.

Garden-Parties.

The season of garden-parties is upon us, and, whatever the condition of the barometer, we shall soon find ourselves in flimsy attire, parading on damp grass to the strains of the local Yeomanry or Volunteers' band. Why we do not manage to get more out of our matchless gardens as backgrounds for summer parties is not quite clear, for lovely girls, like prize rhododendrons, look better out of doors than in. We are always being reminded that in the great days of Versailles, the garden-party was one of the glories of the monarchy, and that half-a-dozen artists made themselves famous by painting these *fêtes champêtres*. This is true, but then an open-air entertainment in the golden days of the eighteenth century was (if we are to believe Pater, Fragonard, and Lancret) a very different affair from our "county" garden party. It is a matter of common notoriety that at the French *fête champêtre* you sat on the grass. Be-ribboned gentlemen reclined on the sward and toyed with the ladies, and even played mandolines when urged thereto by a sentimental passion; but how, forsooth, shall a young man with a top-hat and an umbrella, who is perhaps a J.P., and aspires to be Member for the County, so far forget his insular dignity as to do these things? It is true there is hope of some slight diversity by the introduction of the pastoral play, and when I saw Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson in her charming comedies at the Botanical Gardens the other afternoon I realised that a fancy-dress garden-party, properly carried out, might be a diverting innovation, "if," as the second Mrs. Tanqueray used to say—"if fine."

The Genial Arctic Regions.

Meantime it is evident that if we ever want to feel warm this summer, we must take ship to Norway, and proceed, through the fjords, up to the Arctic circle and the North Cape. For those regions seem to be enjoying a genial June this year, whereas we are chiefly occupied in writing cheques for the coal-merchant. In normal summers, indeed, it can be tolerably hot within the Arctic circle—in July. There is a mountain on one of the Lofoten Islands—up

there in a land of sea-gulls and opal nights—which you are told to climb for the view, and which finds you peculiarly heated when you finally reach the top on your hands and knees. It is supposed to be a well-nigh uninhabited island, yet there emerges from nowhere, to your infinite satisfaction, a being with a glass and a bottle of hock. Thus it will be seen that the Arctic Circle is nothing if not civilised. Even at the North Cape, that desolate headland looking straight to the North Pole, there is a wooden shanty at which you can buy Norwegian champagne and Brummagem silver medals. Never, till I tasted that champagne, did I realise the true inwardness of Mrs. Aylmer's reproach to her husband in the first act of "Little Eyolf." "There stood your champagne—and you tasted it not!" Poor man, how could he? Neither did I, finding it safer to gather Iceland poppies, and to gaze at a smooth ocean lit by a pale midnight sun.

Gardening for Girls.

Though one agrees that marriage is the ideal "career" for the majority of girls, there seems to be a slight difficulty about their all entering for the matrimonial stakes, owing to the million or so of superfluous women in these islands. But the next best occupation for girls, after wedlock, would seem to be gardening. Nor is time lost spent in this pursuit, for it develops the qualities most essential in married life—to wit, good health, courage, patience, carefulness, punctuality, a cheerful temper under difficulties, and a stolid determination to combat the elemental forces of nature. The bringing up of plants and flowers is much like the bringing up of children, and

the fact that we use the word nursery-garden confirms my view of the similarity of the two careers. Moreover, gardening, unlike wedlock, keeps woman largely in the open air. From my window, as I write, I can perceive one of these joyful female gardeners at work. With what neatness, precision, and celerity has she not mown the lawn, trimmed the beds, and clipped the bushes! An hour or so has sufficed for this expert to make a neat green nest of a London garden, whereas a day (with frequent intervals for conviviality) would not be enough for the elderly male person who usually officiates with shears and clippers and garden-roller. It is clear that this new—but oldest of all—professions is one which woman should hasten to make her own.

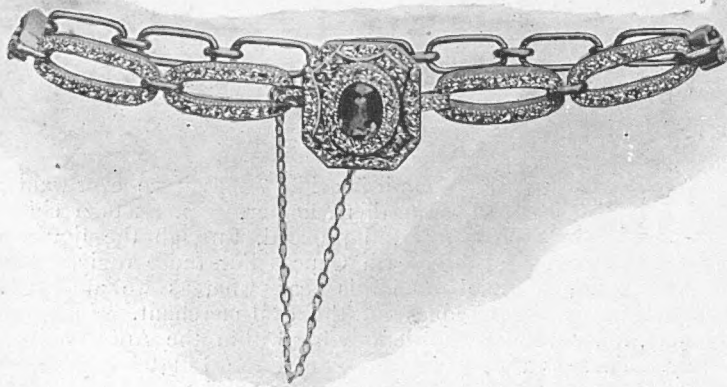


A GOWN FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

AScot over, and the Royal Garden Party—an *édition de luxe* of Ascot—over, we have settled down to the latter half of the season with a determination to get all the pleasure possible



A BRACELET OF DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS, WITH GOLD-AND-PLATINUM LINKS, MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

out of it. The dress recollections of last week are all delightful. Never were women's clothes more charming, more graceful, or more

becoming. Ascot was not a sunshade meeting, and the prevailing tint was decidedly blue. Green and yellow were placed, but blue won, so to speak, in a canter.

The best one can say of the season is not very good. It has been jerky; but the weather has been against it, and so have many circumstances. However, there is balm in Gilead, or, at least, there are bargains at the coming sales—a really more important matter. West-End shopkeepers are very optimistic, and they laid in huge stocks of ethereal dresses, dress fabrics, thin blouses



THE HEDGES BUTLER CHALLENGE CUP,

Presented by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler for the first longest-distance balloon and aeroplane race in England, from Ranelagh Club to within five miles of the sea, the cup to be competed for under the auspices of the Aero Club on June 29 at 4 p.m.

Photograph by Argent Archer

and sunshades—a complete and ample equipment for summer weather. Summer sulkily declined to come along and be equipped, so there are fine chances for the holiday girls. Peter Robinson, of Regent Street, a very celebrated firm, will astonish womankind on Monday next with the reductions at their after-season sale which then commences. The costumes will possibly attract the greatest attention. A delightfully dainty muslin gown in all colours will be sold for 49s. 6d., the bodice elaborately tucked and lavishly lace-trimmed, the skirt finished with rows of tucks in groups of four above the hem.

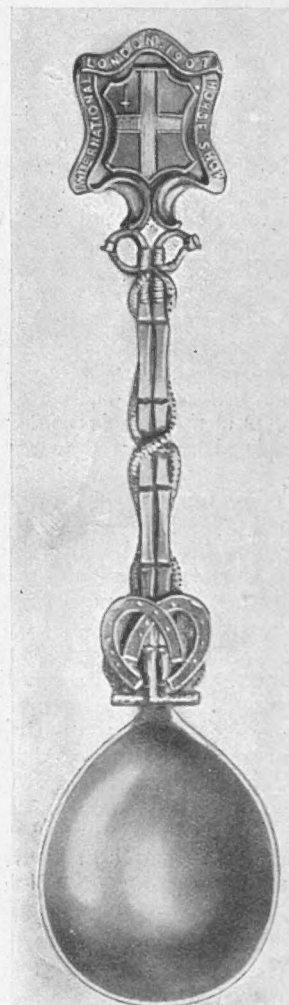
Time is coming when we shall want cool dresses. The seasons are sad laggards this year, but they do arrive. A striped French cotton gown, lined with silk, in several delicate shades, and handsomely trimmed with lace insertion, is to be sold for five-and-a-half guineas, and looks worth ten. Simpler, but no less elegant, is a soft wool voile dress, with bretelles of taffeta and silk cordings on the skirt; this

is but four guineas. There are dust-cloaks of the newest and most ornamental description and evening wraps in lovely shades of cloth, with handsome embroidered collars, at very cheap prices—almost incredibly so. Feather boas in all colours, charming hats, robes of embroidered eolienne, muslin, and linen, and a very wide selection of model dresses of the best Paris and Vienna houses are to be had at a quarter the price paid for them by the famous firm of Peter Robinson, Regent Street.

Irish people are admittedly difficult—a harassed Government might even go one better on the subject; but the petulant little sister must be indulged if only for the lovely things she sends us. Look at her linens! I was in at Robinson and Cleaver's mammoth establishment in Regent Street the other day, and was so amused to hear Americans "enthusing" over lovely Irish linens. They were making good their words too, and picking up splendid examples of that well-known firm's own finest manufactures in a way highly satisfactory to the beaming salesman. Americans know what is good and where to get it. Linen has gone up in price very considerably, but Robinson and Cleaver intend at their summer sale, which begins on Monday, to give their customers a chance of securing some of their beautiful hand-woven table-linen at and under the old prices. Double damask hand-woven tablecloths at most modest cost, and many of which the design is not to be reproduced, are extraordinary bargains. The same is true of sheets and pillow-cases. The hand-embroidered linen bed-spreads, which are joys to the dainty housewife, will also be offered at very great reductions.

There is a great feeling just now for a simplicity of style in jewelled ornament. The Parisian Diamond Company ever keeps a finger on the pulse of fashion, and one of their new designs, which is illustrated on this page, meets the demand for distinction with simplicity exactly. It is a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, with gold-and-platinum links at the back, the front links and the handsome clasp encrusted with jewels. It is also made in sapphires and diamonds, or rubies and diamonds, and forms a very favourite wedding present, the more acceptable if the taste of the bride-elect be consulted as to the colour of the gems.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a garden-party dress made of painted blue gauze over white satin. There is a coat, made fichu-like, of lace over blue chiffon, and the blue straw hat is trimmed with white ostrich-feathers. Round the hem is a border of blue satin headed with lace appliqué.



SOUVENIRS OF THE GREAT HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

The spoons and medals were on sale at Olympia. The spoons cost from 7s. 6d. upwards; the medals, 2s. in bronze, 7s. 6d. in silver, £3 3s. in gold. They were made by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Regent Street, W.



THE BOWL WON BY "VERONICA."

THE CUP WON BY THE BUILDER OF THE WINNING BARGE.

THE BOWL WON BY "GIRALDA."

PRIZES FOR THE THAMES SAILING-BARGE MATCH.

All the trophies were made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 10.

THE TIMID INVESTOR.

THAT he should be timid is all in the natural order of events. There are very few things indeed which have escaped a fall since the commencement of the present year, while in the large majority of cases the declines have been severe. Each new borrower has been forced to offer terms a little more attractive than those of its predecessor, and things have come to this stage, that the investor declares he will wait a little longer to see whether prices won't go lower yet. Meanwhile, the people who already hold stock are bitter in their complaints of the fall. We heard one man say a few days ago that he intended to sell his Irish Land stock, acquired at about 90, and put the money on deposit, where it would at least not depreciate in value. That he would do anything so foolish it is difficult to suppose, but there are a good many people too timid to use their spare cash for any channel except deposit accounts, and the latter are again growing in number. Surely, however, it is better to buy even Consols to pay 3 per cent. on the money, with the risk of some slight depreciation, than to accept 2½ per cent. on deposit. It is quite easy to obtain 3½ per cent. on perfectly gilt-edged security, and we are inclined to regard the deposit accounts as rather waste of interest. Because, after all, Stock Exchange prices are not going to be flat for ever and a day.

THE TOUTS AND THE PUBLIC.

While the Stock Exchange is complaining, the advertising outside brokers are reaping a rich harvest. Never has such a time for cover-snatching been known, for at present the touting fraternity can hardly go wrong. Buy Canadas on 1 per cent. margin! A certain road to fortune! Five pounds commands £500 stock, etc.! Was ever anything so foolish? You are a novice, and you send one or another of the numerous institutions with high-sounding names £5, and in due course get a contract telling you they have sold you the stock at 172½, while if you look at the paper you find the tape price that day was at the opening 172 to 172½. In these times the stock moves up and down as much as two points in an afternoon, and as to lose your money on 1 per cent. margin, the price has only to drop ½ per cent. you get an intimation by the following day's post that as the stock has been 171½ to 172 for five minutes—see tape quotation in your evening paper—your deal has been closed and your £5 is the property of the bucket shop! Of course nothing was done, except, perhaps, a book-entry made; and, as nineteen people out of twenty are "bulls," the present times are a "get rich quick" occasion for this sort of tout. There is another kind of advertising broker nearly as bad as the "cover-snatcher," and that is the "share-pusher." His business is principally in the baser sort of Industrial share, and from our correspondence he seems to be doing a fine trade just now. The *modus operandi* is to get an option on a big block of shares in some Industrial Companies which have not gone well, or where the vendor has been paid in shares and would like to get out; then to send out circulars puffing the selected Companies and one or two better-known ones, to give the thing an air of respectability, at the same time offering the selected shares at something above the option price. Industrials are like everything else, cheap at present, so that it is quite easy to find something which will, on its past year's dividend, pay, say, 6 per cent., and to make three or four shillings a share out of the deal. If some circularising tout is puffing any particular concern, our readers may be sure it is a nice cheap option that makes its merits so conspicuous! Once you have bought, it is next door to impossible to sell if you want your money.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE. The Stock Exchange.

Some time has elapsed since we have had anything like a good market in articles manufactured for the joke of the moment, but there is one man in the Stock Exchange to whom it is unsafe to mention "Hudson's Bay Debentures" just now. He's had some, or thought he had.

Pity the poor Government! They are the target for every malicious stone that the catapult of disappointment can fling in the effort to fix the blame of the depression upon something which must of necessity be dumb. It is rather amusing to sit in one's office all day or to roam around the House listening to the torrent of rabid abuse showered upon the Government, and then in the evening to drop into the den of some Liberal editor and, recounting all you've saved up to tell him, listen to his furious pulverisations of this, that, and the other sort of fools who can talk such this, that, and the other sort of rot. When people grow so heated upon different sides of an argument, maybe the actual truth can be found in a judicious tempering of the statements on the part of each. To lay the blame of the depression caused by war, earthquake, and extravagance entirely upon the head of a Government but lately come to power is obviously far-fetched. To deny the existence of a certain restlessness and unease produced by fear of Socialistic legislation is equally absurd. The spectacle of disruption and disaffection in the ranks of the "top dog" is no good thing for confidence. But even supposing that we had a united governing party of Unionist leaders, pursuing a bold policy at home and abroad, who can say whether Stock Exchange prices would be higher than they are? A problem, verily.

If General Botha were to come over here now, by George! I don't think he would get much of a reception. Everyone complains that he is eating his own words with reference to the Chinese Labour question, and I doubt now whether he is not more unpopular than the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. General Botha was certainly expected to do his best for the gold-mining industry, whereas, up to the end of this week, the debates in the Parliament at Pretoria seem to show that it is his intention to get rid of every coolie at the earliest possible moment, replacement being relegated to a very secondary position. Hang it all! this is hardly playing the game; and the slump in Kaffir shares cannot be wondered at in the circumstances. Of course, in *The Sketch*, we have done our best, to keep people away from this market, but human nature is a curious thing; and it is a

common experience, says my City Editor, for correspondents to send him a list of Kaffir shares, asking him which are the best to buy.

"What am I going to do, did you say?" the stale bull replied, as he looked over his account, with its tale of losses, its story of much unsaleable rubbish. "I am going to sell the lot, and then—buy a rope."

Nevertheless, there are cheap shares, and good, to be obtained. I pass by the Home Railway Market, because in my simplicity I see nothing to make me suppose that we stand on the eve of revival. In fact, prices look to me as though they would go lower yet. That, however, by the way. But glance at some of the quiet Industrial shares. I don't mean things like Spencer Santo, or Carreras, or Furness Withy, where there is a perpetual tap running, but take a share such as Hovis Bread 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference at 22s. The Company is doing very well, paying an excellent dividend on the Ordinary shares, and the Preference yield 5½ per cent., with dividends payable at the end of March and September. Or there are the 7½ per cent. Consolidated Bultfontein shares, their interest guaranteed by the De Beers Company, and you can buy them at 26s. to return 5½ per cent. on the money. Dividends are paid also in March and September. A 5 per cent. Government bond good enough for anybody's capital is the Argentine Railway issue at 100, with a coupon of £2 10s. coming off on July 1 next. Mexican Railway First Preference is now upon a 5¼ per cent. basis of yield—an excellent stock. Hudson's Bays, allowing for the accrued dividend in the price, return a shilling under 5 per cent. Bovril 7 per cent. Ordinary shares at 21s. 6d.—you see how I am taking you all round the world—give the investor 6½ per cent. on the money. The Company is doing well, but naturally competition must not be disregarded.

Higher yields? For these turn to the discredited Brewery list. Cut the lower Debenture issues, and only look at the best of them. There is £550,000 3½ per cent. Debenture stock in Huggins and Co., standing at 55-60. It can be picked up about 56, to pay 6¼ per cent. Grant that the Company paid too much for its properties—and Huggins and Co. hold most of theirs as freehold, by-the-bye—grant that there may be legislation with regard to breweries that will possibly affect the rights of the Ordinary and Preference proprietors, it seems to me that there is an ample discount for most contingencies when Huggins Debenture stands at 56.

Another big yield is to be obtained from San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock. The price has fallen points lately to 200, and the last dividends were at the rate of 12 per cent. American competition is feared. In point of fact, the San Paulo Company was at some pains to keep its profits within such dimensions as might not excite the rapacity of Brazilian Government officials; and even if the competing line be built—a not very likely supposition—the work will take years and years to complete. Of course, a high-priced stock is always vulnerable to attack, but when matters financial become more settled again, there is nothing to stop San Paulos from going to 250.

Hotel Cecil 5½ per cent. Preference £5 shares, fully paid, with a year's arrears of interest still to be paid on them, give 6½ per cent. on the money. How well the hotels of the Metropolis have fared this season it is not necessary for the papers to exaggerate: everyone knows that London has been very full. Hotel shares are, of course, a speculative investment.

They say there are prior-charge stocks in the Official List which only alter in price when they are quoted ex-dividend. They say, moreover, that some of these securities have gone for years, never changing except to be marked down at dividend time, until after a long period they automatically vanish altogether. When you get a 4 per cent. Debenture stock down to 2, and mark it ex a half-year's dividend, there isn't much left. Skate over the obvious flaw in this little fiction and try to believe it. Then you can understand how the marking every account of so many of us ex-business will inevitably lead to the extinction of others besides.

Saturday, June 22, 1907.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

C. A. T.—(1) The Nitrate Company is well spoken of; price ¾; its address is 27, Leadenhall Street. It paid 5 per cent. last year. (2) A fair industrial risk. (3) A small concern with little market for shares, but apparently doing well. (4) Advertising touts, who push second and third-rate Industrials.

POOL.—Your income is absolutely safe. Why worry your head about the market price? Unless you keep your money in an old stocking you cannot avoid fluctuations in price.

Bos Fos.—"Q" is doubtful if the present is a good time to buy anything, but, apart from the chance of lower prices all round, thinks the shares good to hold.

L. E. W. C.—Legally we do not think your letter shows any defence to an action for calls; but you had better lay the prospectus before a good firm of solicitors versed in company law and obtain their opinion. No doubt when the amalgamation is carried out you can sell part of your shares and pay the amount due.

POLO.—"Q" says the Commonwealth Oil people are largely interested in Cobar North, but that he looks upon it as a gamble in which it is too early to be sure of success.

FIELD OFFICER.—You cannot be sure of the market price of what you buy not fluctuating, but the income you can make safe. The income of Consols is as safe to-day as it was ten years ago, but the capital value is greatly depreciated. Buy (1) Cuba 5 per cent. Gold Bonds. (2) City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds. (3) Tokyo 5 per cent. Bonds. (4) Some good Colonial bonds, such as Cape or Victoria. (5) Foreign, American, and General Trust 5 per cent. Preference stock.

P. J. W.—Your letter was answered on the 17th inst.

H. S.—We wrote you fully on the 21st inst.

R. M.—No one could foresee the course of events in South Africa over two years ago. You have had fair dividends, and when prosperity returns to the country the shares will rise again. The Company is a very sound one.

EGERTON.—These people are share-pushers. See this week's Notes.

NOTHEM.—They pay, but are share-pushers.

We are asked to state that the Banko de Chili has opened an agency at 14, Bishopsgate Street Within, and undertakes every description of banking business connected with Chili.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick I fancy the following: Veranda Handicap, Downfall; Emlyn Handicap, Spoilt Girl; Loop Handicap, Romney; Diamond Plate, Sir Edgar; Crabbet Plate, Quelpart. At Gosforth Park the following may go close: Northumberland Plate, Bibiani; Brandling Welter, Athlete; Perkins Memorial Plate, Tebworth; Twenty-fifth Biennial, Lieutenant Cole; Gosforth Park Cup, Lady Clio; Newcastle Handicap, Pam; Seaton Delavel Plate, Little Goose. At Folkestone Boycott may win the Chatham Handicap, Ardea the Three Year Old Handicap, and Esprit the Maiden Plate. I like these for Sandown—Sandringham Stakes, Altitude; Corinthian Welter, Specific; New Stand Handicap, Auber; Robert de Witville Handicap, Absurdity; Wellington Handicap, Pane; British Dominion Race, Shrike.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

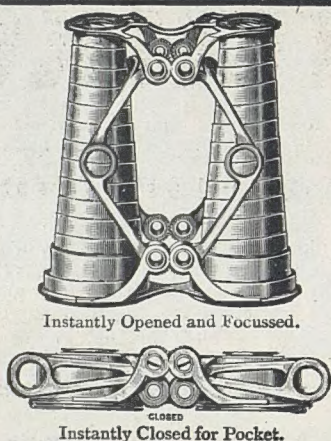
NO fewer than 107 cars were entered for the Scottish Reliability Trials, which began yesterday (Tuesday) and close on Saturday at Glasgow. Year after year the trials promoted by the Scottish Automobile Club have grown in importance, until many throughout the Empire regard them as the trials of the year. The popularity of these tests with manufacturers and the public is very largely due to the successful and frictionless organisation, and the genuine character of the test which has always characterised them. During the five days running the huge tale of self-propelled vehicles have passed or are passing through such well-known points in Scotland as Inverary, Kenmore, Perth, Braemar, Aberdeen, Grantown-on-Spey, Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Inverness, Kingussie, Pitlochry, Aberfeldy, Crieff, and Callander. Along the route there are timed hill-climbs up such well-known and much-dreaded hills as the Rest-and-be-Thankful Hill at Glen-croce, the Spital of Glen-shee, or the Cairnwell, with its bitter Devil's Elbow; Cairn-o'-Mount at Clattering Bridge, Trinafour Hill, and Loch-na-Craig Hill, Aberfeldy. Not only are these hills appallingly steep in parts, but the surfaces are at times those of a mountain torrent, and the bends extremely sharp. The cars that come non-stop right through will be cars indeed.



THE 10-H.P. LIGHT ADAMS CAR ENTERED FOR THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS. This car won a gold medal for speed at Bexhill recently, and a silver medal in the Town Carriage Competition for ease of manoeuvring. The price of the car, fitted with a detachable back seat which turns it at will into a four-seated side-entrance double phaeton, is £250. It is made by the Adams Manufacturing Company, 106, New Bond Street, W.

The dust question is again to be taken into serious consideration by both the Royal Automobile Club and the Motor Union. I trust that the skilled scientists appointed by both bodies will not approach the question wholly and entirely from the point of view of road-surface treatment. A great deal more than is at all believed to be possible can be done by the special shaping of the under-apron. In the Spyker car, the designer, probably by accident, tumbled across a form of under-cover which provokes so little dust that it has earned for the car to which it is fitted the title of the Dustless Spyker. That is not to say that the car throws no dust at all, because it does; but, speeds being equal, it throws quite 50 per cent. less than a good many other cars. Accordingly I say that much may be done by proceeding further on the Spyker lines. Economy is all on the side of attacking the question.

At the Steinway Hall on Tuesday, the 18th, Miss Florence Bourne gave a dramatic recital, the programme of which ranged from an excerpt from Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Electra" to humorous monologue. Her voice is clear and capable, and Miss Bourne shows sympathy as well as intelligence. In a recitation of Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," which was given with piano accompaniment, she attempted too much elaboration. She was best in the lighter items of the programme, and really excels in fine drawing-room humour. In an amusing monologue called "The Collaborators," in which two young people fall in love over the writing of a play, Miss Bourne delighted her audience.



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